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Melody *for* February

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Articles in This Issue

Music in This Issue

THE QUESTION BOX

I would like information about cue music. Perhaps your new Question and Answer department will help?—*G. McK.*

SUITABLE music to cue motion pictures can be obtained from most of the large publishers who list piano or organ music. Some of them will be found in the advertising columns of MELODY. As to fitting this music to the picture, when a cue sheet is furnished, enough of a hint as to the nature of the music suitable is given to aid in selecting the right number. It would be advisable to change the cue sheet so that it provided for the numbers you select. Where a regular cue sheet is not furnished, it is desirable to make one of your own. The plot or story of the picture is furnished with the film for advertising purposes, and a preliminary cue sheet can be prepared from that, then revised after the first showing of the picture according to the need that develops.

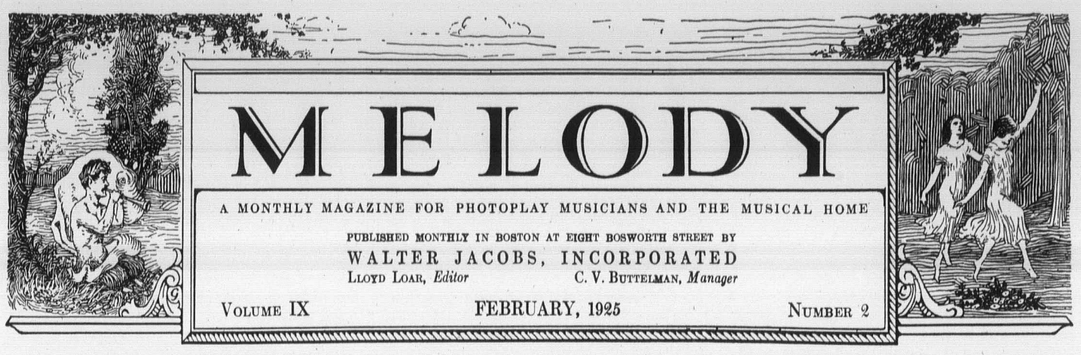
It is possible to make a very good cue sheet by using a watch, and time divisions, although it is necessary to see the picture once or twice to do this; also to have it run at the same speed each time. A cue sheet of this sort is made something like this:

Opening ..... 4 minutes .....
6 minutes ..... 12 minutes .....

adding the time for each selection on to the time already elapsed.

This may require more mathematics than the average player cares to bother with, but some players use it to good advantage, and prepare an unusually smooth program in this way.

The information in Mr. del Castillo's department, "The Photoplay Organist," has been extremely detailed and helpful on the subject of cue music. Any details that have not been covered to your satisfaction, Mr. del Castillo will be glad to touch on further, if you will write to him care of this department.



MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOPLAY MUSICIANS AND THE MUSICAL HOME

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VOLUME IX FEBRUARY, 1925 NUMBER 2

Folk-Songs! Are They Worth Anything?

IN an article in a recent issue of The American Mercury entitled "Folk-Tunes As Material for Music," John C. Cavendish very entertainingly takes exception to some widely held ideas regarding the value of the folk-song as thematic material for the writing of serious and worthwhile music.

We quote herewith parts of his article, but before proceeding to comment thereon, we must say, in justice to Mr. Cavendish, that the excerpts given below fail to give an idea of the interesting readability of the whole article. It is written very ably and is decidedly worth reading. Many of the ideas presented are worth considerable thought and consideration. We must refer our readers to the American Mercury if they are to enjoy and profit by these characteristics of the article in question.

What we quote serves to give the sense of a thought advanced in the article with which we find ourselves unable to agree. These are the excerpts:

In the popular mind, each of the major arts is companioned by an aura of superstitions. . . .

Of these, one of the most interesting and widely held is the two-part doctrine, first, that a body of folk-tunes such as the negro spirituals constitutes a profound and authentic contribution to the art of music, and second, that folk-tunes in general lend themselves most aptly to musical treatment and have thus proved a source of invaluable inspiration to the greatest composers. . . .

FOLK SONG OF NO VALUE TO GOOD MUSIC

But before going further it will be comfortable to dispose first of the common notion that folk-tunes in themselves, standing alone, constitute an important contribution to music — that is to say, that they *are* music. . . . .

All this is more than exaggeration. To say that the spirituals of the Aframerican, or the peasant songs of Germany, or Hungary, or Russia, are serious contributions to music is deliberately to pass over the more important constituents of the art in favor of the least important, which is thematic material. Folk-songs, in fact, are no more than their name implies — they are simply melodies, tunes. It matters not how sensuously seductive the tune; it is never, standing alone, music. In a folk-song the harmonic setting is wholly unimportant. It is an afterthought only, and was not conceived by the man who made the tune. A few simple and quite ordinary triads provide all the harmonic material that is necessary to the overwhelming majority of folk-songs. . . . .

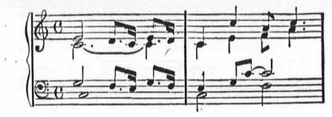
But what of the usefulness of folk-tunes to genuine music? Are they, as is popularly held, sources of lofty inspiration to serious composers? Do they further the art of music by providing it with priceless thematic material? . . . .

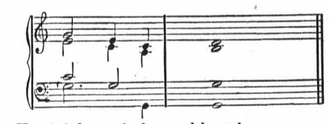
APPEAL OF FOLK-SONG IS SIMPLICITY

As a matter of truth, the essential appeal of the folk-tune resides in its simplicity, its completeness as its stands. If the composer succeeds, as occasionally happens, in adapting it to his needs, he destroys the melody, or, at all events, deprives it of its peculiar and essential charm. If the original air is not destroyed, the added harmonic structure is a vulgar excrescence. And if the original naive harmonic progressions be retained, his melodic variations are ceaselessly arrested by the primitive cadences. . . .

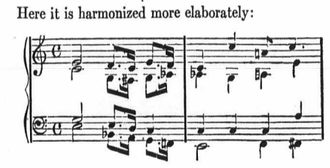
With the themes employed in music of the highest order there is an emphatic difference. In these instances the theme proper is of virtually no account; standing alone, it does not satisfy. In short, it exists only to invite musical elaboration, and without this, it is nothing. . . .

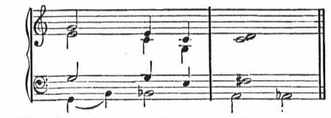
It is quite otherwise with folk-tunes. They are the product of naive minds, and are designed only to meet a naive and undeveloped aesthetic and emotional craving. Consisting of simple melodies of a primitive order, they satisfy that craving without further elaboration. Their development, indeed, is almost always dangerous to their primitive emotional validity. Let us take, to illustrate, a simple, self-sufficing tune such as *Suwanee River*. Let us submit it to harmonic and contrapuntal treatment. Here it is simply harmonized:



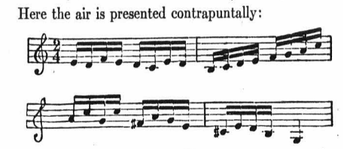


Here it is harmonized more elaborately:





Here the air is presented contrapuntally:



Try these on your piano! They are not exaggerations; they are respectable, not to say conservative elaborations.

In the last issue I offered $10.00 for the best letter telling what the writer would do if he were the editor of MELODY. Some remarkably good letters have already been received and perhaps the $10.00 letter is among them. However, because of the late mailing of the January issue it seems desirable to extend the time limit from March first, as originally announced, to April first, so that all letters will have time to reach me before I decide who pockets my perfectly good $10.00.

What is your suggestion for the improvement of MELODY: Don't be modest — perhaps your idea is the one we most need, so let's have it! It will cost two minutes of time and a postage stamp and may profit you $9.98, with no telling how much to be gained by all the MELODY subscribers who will share the benefits of the suggestions. — The Editor.

The original tune is notably preferable to all these sophisticated modifications of it. And the same thing holds true in nearly all other cases where folk-tunes are subjected to musical expansion — no matter who the composer. . .

But doesn't the fact remain that they *can* be elaborated and that effective use of them *has* been made by composers of high repute? It does, but it proves nothing. I have not denied that folk-tunes *may* be expanded. If the undisputed use of folk-tunes by eminent composers proves their value to musical art, then the converse may be argued with equal plausibility — that the aforecited smouching of themes proves the fitness of first-rate music for use as jig-songs and patriotic ditties. . . .

FOLK SONGS NOT GOOD THEMES

Let us turn to actual compositions based on folk-songs — to the works of Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Dvoräk and Rimsky-Korsakov. To what measure have they succeeded in their well-authenticated use of folk-tunes? Dvoräk provides an admirable example of the composer who, in an effort to employ them, destroys utterly the original savor of simple song and deprives it of all its fundamental significance. Consider the threadbare *Largo* movement of his symphony, *From the New World*. Here he endeavors to pass the appealing tunes of the American Negro through a symphonic filter. The result is their utter denaturization. The movement contains but a single faithful transcription of any slave-tune in existence, and with this pretty sentimental air, complete in itself, Dvoräk gets nowhere. He finds himself baffled, unable to do anything with it.

As for Brahms, his use of folk-tunes is chiefly to be found in his Hungarian dances. No one will deny that these are effective — but what of Brahms' fame if they were his sole legacy to music? The fact is that when he set out to stalk genuinely big game, he left the peasants to their jigs, and songs, and brought down themes more fit and apposite for great music. . . .

I sum up: Folk-songs are not themselves music in any real sense — they are simply tunes. Nor are they a source of authentic inspiration to the highest musical art. When they are used at all they either baffle the composer by their inherent completeness, or, manipulating them, he destroys all their savor, and causes them to vanish utterly.

It might be hard to define music in such a way that we would all agree as to the correctness of the definition. We can say in general that to the moderns, it is the combined use of rhythm, melody, and harmony to express an emotion, an idea or an event. Polyphony, tone-color, all the adornments of counterpoint and imitation are included in the above. Specifically, what is enjoyable music to you may not be so to me, and the music of other times or other races might not be considered music by some of the present generation.

Mr. Cavendish evidently thinks so. Harmony and independent accompanying parts are comparatively recent acquisitions. Any race, at a certain stage in its musical development, has gone through a lengthy epoch during which its musical expression was confined entirely to melody and its inherent rhythm (with sometimes a drum to accent this rhythm). Yet (according to Mr. Cavendish) when we speak of the music of these older times — or that of the American Indian, the Hindoo, and the Mongolian, we are mistaken or misled, for their "music" is essentially melodic, and so cannot (?) be music.

We cannot agree with this. Although

melody, rhythm and harmony unite agreeably to produce modern music, yet any one of these three can by itself be used as the medium of that emotional language we know as music. To us it may not sound as complete as when all three of the possible ingredients of music are well used, but it would still be music — even though less expressive and pleasing than we know is possible.

Music Progress Owes Much to Melody

The growth of music has taken it through three stages — first rhythm alone, then rhythm and melody, and finally rhythm, melody, and harmony. The first stage is the lengthiest, and its history is shrouded in the dimness of what we know about those prehistoric times of 5,000 years ago and beyond for unknown thousands of years.

The second stage occupies that period from the beginning of recorded history to possibly 500 years ago, when harmony as such began to be used. The simultaneous sounding of several parts or the use of simple chords for accompaniments had been known before then, but until 500 years ago and even later, music was essentially melodic in character. We must give this second period credit, by the way, for the invention in some form or other of all the instruments which delight us in this the third and last stage. So there must be considerable worth-while inspiration in melodic music.

Even at present, when our means of musical expression have become so intricate, the majority of musical theorists and the average musical audience would insist that of these three components of music, melody is the most important. Certainly rhythm alone does not appeal to the advanced taste of this day and age, and harmonic progressions however rich their shifting colors, when absolutely disassociated from melody, are not interesting to even the most appreciative of modern listeners. Indeed it is doubtful if harmonic progression is possible without some sort of melody, whereas we know melody can exist without actual harmony.

Melody the Inspired Part of Music

Let us consider the importance of melody from another angle. The theoretical side of music can be learned by the average diligent student; chord formations of all sorts, harmonic progressions, counterpoint, canon, fugue, the complexities of orchestration, yield their secrets willingly enough to whosoever looks for them with that combination of patience and ardor so necessary to the student. But it is practically impossible to *learn* to write a good melody. The natural ability to do so can be refined, encouraged and strengthened, but unless the seeker for melodic effectiveness has within himself the melodic gift, his quest will be in vain.

The writer has been privileged to study at various times with six of the leading modern composition teachers; he knows many more of equal eminence, yet never has he heard anything to the contrary from any of them. The contempt of Mr. Cavendish for the value of thematic material can doubtless be explained by the fact that he has probably never tried to write any serious music.

How Folk-Songs are Made

Folk-songs are not the work of any one man alone; they grow by attrition and accretion, but mostly the first. They are written by the race instead of the individual. A little melody appears; it is seized upon as fitly expressing some emotion, sentiment, mood, or idea; from time to time, it is given new turns or twists; accents are changed; the melodic line altered; possibly some of it is discarded. If these changes add to the fitness with which it expresses something, they endure; if they don't, they are discarded and others take their place. This groping in the dark — this hit-or-miss, try-it-and-see-method — continues, until finally the tune expresses satisfactorily through its form and cadences the "something" that the race feels needs expression; change ceases, at least temporarily, and we have a folk-song.

It is true that the folk-song comes from a primitive musical, economic, and social development. So in a way do *all* our ways of expressing basic emotions, such as fear, love, happiness, sadness, etc. It would seem more exact to call the folk-song basic and primal rather than primitive. Furthermore its method of growth and the fact that it *is* primal would seem to insure for the folk-song the strength and endurance of things that are primal and basic, and also their importance.

As humanity develops and grows, those things that used to mean so much to the individual do not actually come to mean less. The personal outlook broadens, new contacts are established with the world without, individual capacity for self-expression grows. Things that have been of major importance *seem* to become of minor importance, but they are only relatively so. Their influence is just as strong, but the broader vision and more complex life invites and admits other influences that *seem* to dwarf those primal ones, because then they have become a few among the crowd, instead of being the sole motivators. It is true in everyday life; it is true in literature and art; it is equally true in music. And tunes are just as important to us actually (maybe not relatively) as they were to musicians and music lovers 500 years ago when music offered them nothing else.

THE value of the folk-song to music is something in which the readers of MELODY should be peculiarly interested. Folk-songs are pure melody, coming directly from the mass of the people, produced by them, and reflecting faithfully through their taste in melody various emotions, ideas, or events that to them seem important.

Folk-songs are the kind of melodies that all readers of MELODY enjoy. Simple, direct, yet as melodies possessing great strength and appeal. Some of the melodies of what are now our popular songs may be in part the folk-song material from which future writers will draw their inspiration.

It is because of MELODY'S belief in the importance and appeal of worthwhile tunes that MELODY functions as a publication, and is able to take to itself some of the importance that goes to the champion of anything that is worth having and encouraging.

Hence this article in support of folk-tunes' value to music. Not that the folk-tune needs this support, but so that the function of MELODY to express the inarticulate opinions of the great mass of its readers may be realized.

Value of Folk-Song to Music

The effect of a greater general musical knowledge and experience, so far as the folk-song is concerned, is to make the emotion, idea, or mood behind the folk-song susceptible of a more eloquent musical expression. The race has advanced; it can understand more; the emotion is just as important; the folk-song melody just as significant. But the richer expressiveness of less obvious chord relationships and independent polyphony needs to be added to the melody to express in all the ways we can understand musically the basic idea of the folk-song.

It is true that if we try to *improve* the melody, we will most likely spoil or weaken it, but if the folk-song is used as a theme and then subjected to the usual elaboration and development incidental to the larger forms of music composition, the result will depend solely on the good taste and technic of the composer. If it is adequate, the result will be good; if it is inadequate, the result will be poor. Staunchness, strength and significance in a melody, as we see it, mean corresponding possibilities in harmonies, counter melodies, and elaboration. The theme that has enough strength to shine through extended elaboration, and reveal its substance as the frame-work — is more to be desired than a theme of such weakness that its lack of self-assertiveness permits anything and everything to be done to it without offering any resistance.

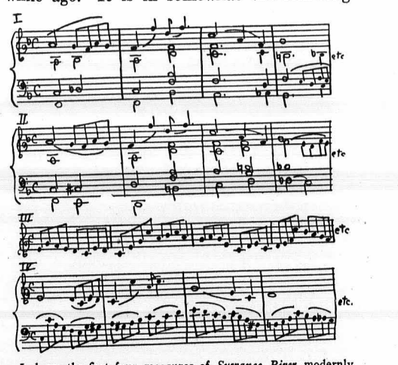
Themes Quoted Do Not Prove Case

The themes quoted from Brahms (*Handel*) and Beethoven in the original article (not reproduced here) do not impress one as good examples of the baldness and barrenness Mr. Cavendish seems to find in them — with all due respect to his opinion. We would consider them melodies of strength and purpose, and they reveal it in the complete compositions. If we know them in their enriched form, the melodies alone may sound incomplete. If they are carelessly or unintelligently played as melodies alone, they will sound rather trivial. So might any melody. Play them as melodies, only with care and understanding, and they mean something.

Neither can we fathom the logic of the statement that if folk-songs are good thematic material for serious music, then themes from accepted classics must be good material for jigs and patriotic ditties. As a matter of fact, a good theme is *usable*, no matter where it comes from. But lifting a theme or phrase from the work of a great writer to give some strength and interest to a composition that pretends to nothing more than mediocrity is entirely different from taking a melody that belongs to a race or nation and giving it greater beauty and expressiveness. Nothing could be farther from devolution than evolution. As to really significant works being so free from the folk-song influence, how can we know they are? Folk-songs don't last forever. If some of the vanished ones are enjoying a posthumous existence in great symphonic works, how are we to know — when the folk-song in its original form may have long since disappeared?

Suwanee River Elaborations Not In Good Taste

We have presented the example using *Suwanee River* in various ways, and we must insist that we don't consider they make Mr. Cavendish's case any stronger. *Suwanee River* is neither a negro spiritual nor a folk-song; it was written by *one man*, and not such a great while ago. It is in somewhat the folk-song style; that is, it is simple and direct in its appeal, and the melody is the most important part of it. It might nevertheless serve as a good example because of these characteristics, and Mr. Cavendish doesn't present it as a folk-song. But we do insist that neither the modern harmonization nor the contrapuntal variations presented are the most effective possible with *Suwanee River* as a theme. Harmonic and contrapuntal elaborations of folk-song material must not only suit the melody; they must be consistent with the thought expressed by the melody, emphasizing it instead of covering it up, and with due respect for Mr. Cavendish's judgment and Mr. Parkhurst's ability we can't see that these two examples do either of these desirable things.



I shows the first four measures of *Suwanee River* modernly harmonized.
II is the same four measures harmonized differently.
III is a contrapuntal variation of the melody.
IV shows the melody unchanged with a contrapuntal accompaniment.

We present herewith two harmonizations of *Suwanee River;* one variation on the melody, and one contrapuntal example wherein the melody is used as a "cantus firmus" or fixed (unchanged) tune upon which the contrapuntal decorations are hung.

These are not presented as desirable samples of brilliant writing; they are only reasonably good and fairly consistent. But if you try them over, they will at least not give you the sense of incompleteness and futility engendered by the examples cited by Mr. Cavendish. However lacking in mastership they may be, the elaborations are modern, and the effect is not bad. A little more time and ability, however, would make them better. Still they may serve to show that effective elaboration of the *Suwanee River* theme is not an impossibility.

Dvorák Did Not Use Negro Folk-Tunes for Themes

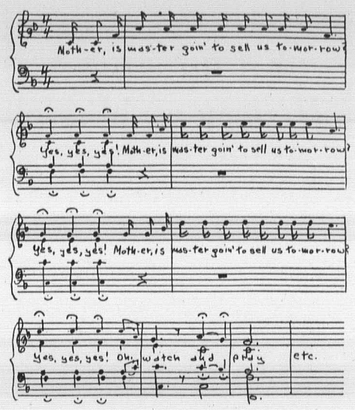
Folk-songs naturally are different in character according to the race which produces them. They may appeal more strongly to composers of a race foreign to the one which produced them than they do to those of the same race. Exotic music has the interest that attaches to all strange things. It was this strangeness to him that interested Dvorák in the negro spiritual. He saturated himself in negro folk-songs and then wrote in the idiom that is their strongest characteristic, using the melodies he produced in this way much as the modern songwriter uses the negro spiritual to produce an art-song.

It is incorrect to say that he used negro spirituals as thematic material. Dvorák himself, and musicians of standing who understand his work, insisted that he did not actually use any themes from negro folk-songs at any time in his *New World Symphony*, or in the quartet or quintet written in the same idiom — and they should surely know.

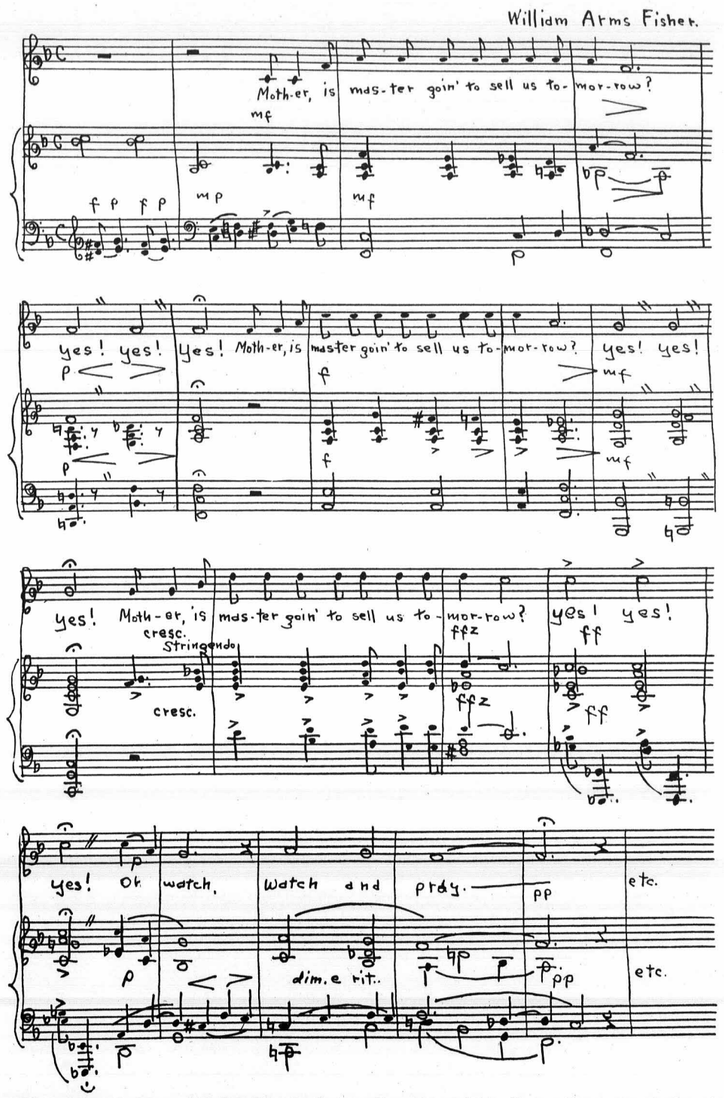
As to the Largo of Dvoräks "New World Symphony" being threadbare, this is entirely a matter of opinion and not an accepted fact. Many audiences of judgment and good taste have not found it so. Anyhow, lack of appreciation of its beauty might better be concealed as a misfortune rather than exhibited as proving anything. Neither can the artistic effectiveness of the arrangement of the theme from this Largo movement as a negro spiritual by William Arms Fisher be questioned. It merely proves that Dvorák succeeded so admirably in his use of the negro folk-song idiom that the theme of the Largo makes one of the finest spirituals in existence. (We refer to *Goin' Home*, published by Oliver Ditson Co.)

Example of an Artistically Arranged Spiritual

We are moved to give you one more example. First there is the unadorned melody — part of an old negro tune of the folk-song variety, as published by Oliver Ditson Co., in their collection of Jubilee and Plantation songs, and used with their permission. Next is given part of a modern arrangement of this melody in which its meaning and expressiveness are so greatly enriched by the treatment accorded by the writer. An ordinarily careful reading of these two certainly proves that the original folk-tune has lost nothing in its modernized setting. It has gained in expressiveness, in emotional power, and that greatly. As we said previously, it all depends upon how well this elaboration is done. (This example is from a collection of negro spirituals soon to be presented by Oliver Ditson Co. The arrangement is by William Arms Fisher and is used by permission).



Above is the negro folk tune as sung and harmonized originally. Below is the modernized arrangement of it, with the melody and words unchanged.



This arrangement is the property of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, and is used by permission. The complete arrangement, when published, can be obtained from them or through their agents or any dealer.

To sum up:

(a) Melody is the most important constituent of music.

(b) Good melodies are great treasures — harder to find or write than effective harmonies, rich orchestrations, and artistic elaborations.

(c) Folk-songs from the very nature of their inception, growth, and preservation, are melodies of unusual strength and meaning.

(d) Good melodies are more valuable as thematic material than poor ones.

(e) Consequently, folk-tunes are a rich source of inspiration and thematic material for modern music — and will be for some time to come.

In music, no less than other arts, the *idea* is master; form and style are but the [servants, helping the idea to a freer and more eloquent expression.

A Philistine's History of Music

As told by the talkative janitor of the Conservatory lecture hall to his grandson.

No. 1—THE BEGINNINGS OF MUSIC

IT SAMES like a long time ago there wuzn't no moosical instrooments of any kind. The saxyphone had yit to poke his wailin' head into th' paceful atmosfere uv the home, 'nd th' banjo had nary pang nor plunk, because, me son, there wuz no saxyphone nor no banjo, nor no nothin' in th' way of moosical instrooments. Th' whole world wuz as distitoote of thim as a five-cint iyster stew wud be of iysters, 'nd take it from yer old grandad — there can be no greater distitootion.

Froom all I can learn, it must have been a fearful long time ago. Before Chris O'Columbis iver lift Dublin to find a bigger place to grow pertaties in. Before aven King Tut got soured on his folks, th' climate and chariot ridin', and lain hisself down to take 'n undistoorbed nap th' while his family was dyin' off, 'nd th' aryplane and prohibision wuz bein' prepared fur. The history fellys tell us *that* were about five thousand years ago, so you can see it takes us back quite a spell.

Min 'nd wimin must have been quare-lookin' sights intirely in that time back there I'm tellin' ye about. They wore no clothes at all at all, which is aven less than the avridge shrinkin' debytant has on at her comin' out dance. They was all furred up wid hair like a pony in January, 'nd a social gathering wud have treated ye to as fine an assortment of gigglin', light bay-colored flappers, black, tan or sorrel gossips, and piebald, mangy, grizzly old ruffnecks, as ye could iver hope to see or hear annywheres.

They lived in trees or caves, borrid their fire maybe from volcanys, 'nd et most ennything that wuzn't too fast to get away from thim, or too hard intirely to chew. Boonches av thim kipt together so as to have some safe ones around to quarrel wid, 'nd fer mootual pertection against the ravenin' wild beasts an' sarpints that infested the high 'nd th' low places.

Them is the kind of folks Riv. Bryan says he niver wuz and niver will be, and mebbe he's right, I dunno. I never see any of 'em, nor anyone else who had. I'm just tellin' ye what I've heerd from min who is supposed to know, 'n if it later on shocks yer dilicate stummick to think 'at yer remotest ancistors didn't ate dainty food wid a fork and one little finger pintin' onwards and upwards, nor yet wear b'iled shirts, suspinders 'nd socks, jist fergit all about it. Like Mrs. M. Gerald Daie uv the avenoo, she who was plain Mike O'Day's blushin' bride a few years back has most convaniently rubbed off uv her concsientusness the fact that her ould man used to be the first, second and third man in O'Toole's livery-stable whin th' surest visible evidence ov affluence wuz to take a keb ride in th' Park. I'm just tellin' it to ye fer what it's worth, 'n ye can do yer own arguin' as to how true it is or it ain't.

(Run an' git yer gran'dad's sack o' tobaccy, will ye?)

. . . . . .

Well, wan dismal mornin' the boss man av one av these here happy families woke up wid a terrible grouch on. His supper av the night before, which had consisted av some raw fish he'd found, a few beetles and grasshoppers, some burd eggs 'nd part uv a choonk av smoked horse meat he'd been savin' fer emergencies, hadn't set well. It may surprise ye to hear it, but such wuz the case. He was an impetuoos felly, 'nd had maybe not chewed soofficient on some av it (niver havin' heard av our friend Mr. Fletcher), particoolarly the grasshoppers which he wuz afraid some av thim would git away if he devoted too much time to thim individoolly. Thin his fleas was unusual annoyin' too, not seemin' satisfied wid a dacint ration, but a-diggin' in like it wuz th' fust and last free meal that had iver been spread before 'em. He tracked down and rooined a couple av th' worst ones, but there wuz so many av their kin and neighbors left that he couldn't notice any difference.

Thin, probably, his wimin folk wuz gittin' on his nerves. They wuz entirely too many sorrels amongst 'em, an' he never had cared much fer sorrels. They seemed to talk more and louder than bays, and they had the temper av Ould Nick himself.

Anyhow, he kep' gettin' grouchier 'n' grouchier until finally he slaps over a half-dozen assorted females 'nd childer 'nd makes off fer some place where a dacint self-respectin' citizen can be grouchy in swate solitude and widout fear av successful interrooption. As he shambles along wid his head down an' his hands draggin' in all the majisty av his unadoolterated wrath, he goes spang into 'n' old elm tree that has been fire-blasted. This is too much intirely, 'n' layin' hold of the first thing handy, which is a small dead branch av that same elm, he yanks it off 'n' goes after that impydent offensive tree in a way that wud av made a steam-riveter doin' piece-work look like a slow movin'-pitcher av a Scotchman payin' fer a round av drinks that somebody ilse had invited him in on.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, he goes, all the time hoppin' up 'n' down in a regular frenzy. An' boom, boom, boom, boom, hollers the tree right back at him. He gits madder 'n' tries to go faster 'nd harder, but the tree keeps up wid him like th' account at the grocers does wid the pay-envylope.

Soodinly he notices that his irrytation has all vanished; he's hoppin' up an' down in a most pecooliar fashion fer ivery three or four licks on the tree, 'nd a strange feelin' av ixaltasion 'nd well-bein' has taken possession av him.

He's at a loss to account for it intirely, so he stops to think it over. If ever a man had just cause to be sore at iverything, he's that one, 'nd as he goes over in his mind the various slights 'nd indignities that a crooel world is tryin' to put off on him, his mad begins to heat 'im up again, 'nd seizin' the stick he starts to lay it on the tree agin wid a vigor 'nd accuracy fully aquil to what he started out wid.

Agin he feels happiness stalin' over him cautious-like, but this time he notices it's the regoolar sound av the stick on the tree that's effectin' him. He stops 'nd tries a few new ones; tump-tump, tump, tump; — tump, tump. Oho, a pretty good one that; how's this one? Tump, — tumpty, tump, tump, — tump — tump-tump-tump. Nuthin' the matter wid that one nayther.

And there, me son, wid this ruffneck ancistor av ours findin' there wuz pleasure in the regoolar sound av regoolar batin' on somethin', wuz the spirit av moosic captured by the more-or-liss hooman race av that time.

(Fetch me a match now like a good lad, the while I fill me pipe.)

. . . . . .

Now this wuz somethin' remarkable. The discoovery av a flock av new horses, a big cave, or a new mountain av fire wuz somethin' poor-tentous, but this had thim all bate forrty ways frum the jack fur excitement 'nd interest. So takin' a few brafe minutes to smooth out some rough spots in his tecknick, he dashes back to the rist av the tribe 'nd puts on a diministration that just natoorally turns th' whole clan inside out intirely.

Well sor, there wuz a perfect riot uv time batin' on things frum thin on. Trees, smooth patches av ground, rocks, most anythin' that could holler back whin hit shrewdly wuz used. It soon spread all over the whole world, 'nd whiniver a group av these furry hoomans wuz gathered togither fur any purpose, the big day av th' whole gatherin' wuz the one devoted to th' dance an' cooncert. Some av the bossman's childer's childer found that holler logs wuz better than whole ones; some one else figgered out to stretch a skin head over one ind av th' hollow log, 'nd pound on that — which wuz still better.

Some other injaynus felly discovered that a little hole in the side av the log wuz still further improvin' matters, 'nd finally they had a drum — th' furst musical instrooment knowd to man — n'd it may well be the last one. It was bate on to drive away evil spirits 'nd to win the favor av good ones who had a taste fur it. It was used at funerals, weddins' and births; goin' into battle 'nd comin' out av it, — if able to. They bate to welcome the sun in the marnin' an' to say good-bye to 'im at night; to make thim feel good whin they wuz blue 'nd feel better whin they felt good. They wuzn't annythin' that could happen that wuzn't the occasion fur a little drrum moosic.

Fur thousands av years the drum in some form er ither wuz th' only moosical instrooment they had, and time wuz all there wuz to their moosic. Aven now it's the foundation fur all th' moosic we hear; time is, I mane, not the drum itself, 'nd it's as impossible to write or play moosic widout it as it is to ate in fifty restyrants widout steppin' on a Greek waiter. It doesn't matter what kind av moosic you mane ayether; it takes 'em all in frum th' most classic love-song that iver made a hard-boiled, roomantic little flapper wall her eyes at th' opry tenor, to th' most horrible jazz outburst that iver bruk th' heart uv a perfessor.

Jist as th' hooman family started out wid th' drum, so do we start the kids wid one, 'nd it's about th' first instrooment a kid learns to play on wid any degree of precoosion or accooracy.

There's been lots av changes 'nd improvements made since that time that I'll tell ye about as oppurtoonity offers; but don't fergit that th' first instrooment wuz a drum, that th' furst moosic wuz all *time* 'nd nothin' else, 'nd that th' whole thing wuz probably discoovered by accydint.

It sames to me tho, that they give too much credit intirely to the boss-foremin av the boonch, 'nd not enough to th' fleas, th' grasshoppers, 'nd th' sorrels.

The Photoplay Organist and Pianist

By L. G. DEL CASTILLO

I FIND it increasingly difficult to write for this column without appearing to unduly stress the first person singular pronoun, and inviting my professional brethren to remark scathingly: "Who does he think he is — A Flat Major or George Babbitt Oddsleigh or somebody?" Well, there's no doubt about it, the I's have it, and I see no way to conduct this column without generous sprinklings and interpolations of my own opinions. But let me emphasize that I am always willing to print any expressions disagreeing with my own theories, and so far as the vitality of this column is concerned, believe that the more controversy the better, provided the mud-slinging element is absent. Such a vituperative letter as I reprinted last month serves no useful purpose unless it is to add spice to the mail; however, as it is an entirely isolated specimen, I do not wish to be understood as treating it seriously.

As a matter of fact, I cannot recall having at any time received a letter that was in serious disagreement with any dictum I have presented, and it may be that those of us who make any pretense of weighing our own work are in greater agreement over its fundamentals than is generally supposed. Or is it that the non-conformists are either indifferent or have no convictions? Either proposition is in effect an indictment of their standards, so I am satisfied either way. Nevertheless I should be even more content to receive at times a defense of alternative methods; for I am not so wrapped in the armor of egotism as to believe that I am eternally right.

The Weekly News

I was led into this philosophic train of thought by a letter from Mr. John E. Havis, of the Strand Theatre, Akron, Ohio, who says:

"I wish to thank you for your interesting and valuable discussion of matching titles in the Nov.-Dec. issue of MELODY. I see there is agreement between us on this matter of the titles of compositions, for which I am very glad indeed, because after all, I am beginning to think the question strikes at the heart of the matter of photoplay accompaniment.

"At some future time I should be most pleased to have you outline, more fully than you have before, any views you have on how to lend more interest and variety to the musical settings for news reels. I am not one of the many who claim to find large opportunities in the news reels for personal exploitation of clever musical talent or the gaining of credit for popularizing locally some new musical 'hit,' perhaps. It seems to me a player's fitness (or lack of fitness) is put to one of its biggest tests in his task — weekly or semi-weekly — of selecting and putting over proper and interesting music for the news reel, avoiding monotony at all times.

"It has been my observation week after week, for quite some years, that there is a certain amount of monotony and sameness to news reels, one or two 'brands' in particular seeming to have a 'stock in trade' of views released at regular intervals. Maybe this confession of my observation is a shameful personal indictment, as no doubt thousands do not see the matter this way. But, to get at the gist of the question, should the same type of piece be always used for a particular view, as for example, a particular type for airplanes, one for animals, baby shows, noted persons, marching troops, battleships, etc.? Does this get monotonous? If any variation from this rule is ever made, would it behoove the organist to try and justify his reason for such action, say to some long-haired music 'critic' in the audience, who may remark to the floor manager on going out that the organist has his mind on that fishing trip planned for the summer vacation, rather than on the picture before him?

"Any ideas on how to *gracefully* avoid possible monotony in setting a news reel twice a week, twelve months in the year, would personally be most welcome."

I believe that Mr. Havis's dilemma can be concisely presented in the following sentence: Shall we always inexorably use appropriate music for the news reels, or may we give ourselves the latitude of greater musical variety at the expense of accurate synchronization? By my own standards there is only one possible answer. The organist must accept the limitations of the subject which he is playing, and use the customary assortment of marches, waltzes, topical songs and incidental music that furnish an appropriate accompaniment. In short, as I have said before and shall probably say again, his duty is first, last, and always, to fit the picture, whether it be a ten reel super-special or a five minute cartoon.

Let us examine Mr. Havis's concrete examples. He says, for instance — 'shall the same type of piece be always used for marching troops?' Can there be any doubt that anything else but a march would be unsuitable? I have, of course, chosen the most extreme illustration, but in lesser degree the same axiom is applicable in all the instances, provided you note this qualification — that the less sharply defined the subject, the greater range you have in choosing appropriate music. Thus in the case of airplanes, are they simply scenic shots of planes soaring against the clouds? A waltz is appropriate. Are they bombing planes firing on dummy targets? Battle music is in keeping. Are they "stunt" planes? A brilliant active intermezzo is not out of place. Perhaps they are shots of the air mail, or some civilian activity. A light, neutral intermezzo is surely permissible. Or are they performing military maneuvres? A virile 4-4 concert march is as appropriate as a street march. Thus for one general subject we find six appropriate types of music, varying with the individual shots.

The Use of Marches

But let us suppose that we are continually meeting the same type of subject, for which only one restricted type of music is suitable. Or, to take the most common example, let us consider the fact that it is a rare edition of the news weekly that does not necessitate a march or two. Well, what of it? There are thousands of marches published — and dozens of good ones! I doubt if I use more than about two dozen marches, but by rotating them I never find them particularly wearisome. I cannot vouch for the audience's feelings on this point, of course. If they have been bored, they have kept their secret admirably. Even if we narrow the field still further to French troops, let us say, we can still find several marches to choose from: French National Defilé, Madelon, Lorraine, Father of Victory. It is of course advisable to be prepared with several examples of each type of march, as any event of magnitude will presumably be important enough to warrant continued presentation in several succeeding issues of the news. Thus French marches were in order week after week at the time of the Occupation of the Ruhr. Similarly Oriental numbers have been in considerable demand ever since the Chinese plunged themselves into civil war — a condition aggravated for the harassed organist by the Japanese earthquake. During the football season, the Harvard football songs become quite shopworn around Boston, and it is of course just as necessary for organists in other localities to know the football songs of the foremost colleges in their sections of the country. (In passing, I should like to say that "Cruiser Harvard" by Strube is NOT a Harvard march. It was written by Strube for the Harvard University Orchestra at the time he was coaching it, some thirty years ago, but it is not recognizable as a Harvard air. Its only point of contact in that respect is in the inclusion of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," to which Harvard football words have been set that may have been sung at the time the march was written, but are certainly not now.)

The following is a list of marches that I have found exceedingly valuable for stock use in the variety of subjects most commonly encountered. It is not an exhaustive list, by any means, but I would rather have ten good marches than fifty mediocre ones, and I can vouch for the worth of every number in this list, which I have classified according to the type of the different numbers.

GENERAL: National Defense (*Lampe*), Boy Scouts of America (*Sousa*), Second Regiment Connecticut (*Reeves*), Mediator (*Fulton*), Statesman (*Fulton*), Semper Fidelis (*Sousa*), Battleship Connecticut (*Fulton*), New York Hippodrome (*Sousa*), El Capitan (*Sousa*), Steel King (*St. Clair*).
PATRIOTIC: Cruiser Harvard (*Strube*), Stars and Stripes Forever (*Sousa*), Daughters of the American Revolution (*Lampe*), National Emblem (*Bagley*).
ARTILLERY: U. S. Field Artillery (*Sousa*).
RELIGIOUS: Boston Commandery (*Carter*).
ORIENTAL: Hungarian Soldiery (*Fulton*).
FRENCH: Listed above.
GERMAN: Under the Double Eagle (*von Blon*), Thundering Cannons (*Wacek*), Blue White (*Schmidt*).
ITALIAN: A Frangesa (*Costa*), Florentina (*Fucik*), Marcia Reale.
SPANISH: La Sorella (*Borel-Clerc*), Cadix (*Valverdo*).
HARVARD: Up the Street (*Morse*), Harvardiana (*Williams*), Our Director (*Bigelow*), Soldier's Field (*Fletcher*), Gridiron King (*Fletcher*), Veritas (*Densmore*).
YALE: Down The Field, Boola, Bulldog, Undertaker's Song.

Just one more word on marches. It is very easy to get into the habit of using nothing but street marches whenever any subject remotely connected with anything military appears. It will give your music considerably larger scope to realize that where you have subjects with only a tinge of martial atmosphere, as for instances pictures of the naval dirigibles, or an American military figure such as Pershing being entertained by civilians, it is obviously appropriate to use music that has only a suggestion of martial character to the same degree: in the former case, some such number as Tchaikowski's "Sleeping Beauty" Waltz, which has a smashing, virile swing to it; in the latter, a semi-military intermezzo such as Jessel's "Wedding of the Rose." Being strong on lists in this issue, it will do no harm to append other martial numbers outside of street marches, a list which it will be noted contains numbers in greatly varying degrees of martial character.

Pomp and Circumstance, Nos. 1 to 4	*Elgar*
Marche Heroique	*Saint-Saens*
Marche Miniature	*Jacobi*
March of the Toys	*Herbert*
Queen of Sheba	*Gounod*
Marche Mignon	*Poldini*
Marche Carnavalesque	*Friml*
Awakening of the Lion	*Kontski*
The Eagle	*Klein*
Wedding of the Rose	*Jessel*
Frivolous Patrol	*Goublier*
Coronation March from the Prophet	*Meyerbeer*
Triumphal March from "Aida"	*Verdi*

Military Polonaise .... *Chopin*
March from Tannhauser .... *Wagner*
Marche Militaire Francaise from Algerian Suite *Saint-Saens*
Procession of Bacchus, from Sylvia .... *Delibes*
Huldigungsmarsch, from Sigurd Jorsalfar .... *Grieg*
Cortege Nuptial, from Pierrot and Pierette .... *Burgmein*
Prelude to First Arlesienne Suite .... *Bizet*
Overture and March, from Nutcracker Suite .. *Tschaikowski*

News Music Other Than Marches

Outside of marches there is apparently no type of music so intriguing to our musical interpreters of the news weeklies as waltzes. "When in doubt, Play a Waltz" is the motto that I have seen emblazoned in scarlet letters on more than one console. I admit that it is an insidious temptation in those numerous instances where more or less neutral subjects of no particular character are shown. However, that is the very reason why it is worth while to try to use other sorts of music as much as possible. Again I succumb to the temptation to prepare a list. And please note that this list covers examples where a waltz might not only be the easiest way out, but also names subjects which are too simple to warrant using a stock hurry or heavy agitato. As I have taken occasion to emphasize in previous issues, it is my conviction that the use of such numbers should be purely supplementary — to amplify and act as reserve supply for the stock of musical types they represent, which can be in large measure garnered from suites, operas, symphonic works, and the more ambitious forms generally.

RACES: The Whip (*Holzman*), The Dog Train (*Trinkaus*), Gopak (*Moussorgsky*), The Swallows (*Klein*), Overture to Suzanne's Secret (*Wolf-Ferrari*).

WATERFALLS, PASTORAL SCENICS: Dryade (*Jensen*), Murmuring Zephyrs (*Jensen*), Veil Dance (*Friml*), At the Edge of the Brook (*Boisdeffre*), Serenade, Op. 33 (*Sinding*), By a Meadow Brook (*MacDowell*, Woodland Sketches).

STORMS, NIAGARA FALLS, DAMS, HEAVY SEAS: Rustle of Spring (*Sinding*), To Spring (*Grieg*), To the Sea, Mid Ocean (*MacDowell*, Sea Pieces), Toccata (Suite Gothique, *Boellman*), First Movement from Scheherazade (*Rimski-Korsakov*), Peer Gynt's Homecoming (Second Peer Gynt Suite, *Grieg*), Scotch Poem (*MacDowell*), Auf dem Meere (*Schytte*).

ELEPHANTS, BEARS, PACHYDERMS: Potato Bugs' Parade (*Cobb*), Hobbledehoy (*Olsen*), Humpty Dumpty's Funeral March (*Brandeis*), Teddy Bear's Picnic (*Bratton*), Playful Polar Bears (*Trinkaus*), Funeral March (*Lanciani*).

FUNERALS: Trauermarsch (*Grieg*), Marche Slav (*Tchaikowski*), Huldigungsmarsch from Sigurd Jorsalfar (*Grieg*), 2nd Movement (Marcia Funebre) from Beethoven's 3rd Symphony, 2nd Movement (Allegretto) from Beethoven's 7th Symphony, Introduction to Sonata Pathetique (*Beethoven*), 3rd Movement (Funeral March on the death of a hero) from Sonata, Op. 26 (*Beethoven*), also the requiem masses of *Brahms*, *Bach*, *Mozart*, and *Verdi*.

CARNIVALS, CELEBRATIONS: Tournament from "In Arcady" (*Nevin*), Slavonic Dance (*Friml*), Triumphal March of the Bojars (*Halvorsen*), Fete Boheme from "Scenes Pittoresques" (*Massenet*), Feast in Brittany (*Kriens*), Carnival from "Ballet Suite" (*Vecsey*), Introduction to Act 2, Cleopatra's Night (*Hadley*), Gypsy Dance from Suite (*German*), Au Cabaret from "Scenes Alsatiennes" (*Massenet*).

We Can't Get Away From This Subject

We have proceeded to chew over the various aspects of the new weekly to such an extent that we may as well make an entire meal of it until the bell rings. There is very little more to be said about the choice of music, save that wherever possible it is wise to interpolate popular music. It is after all this same popular music, at present being superciliously dissected by the *intelligentsia* under its pseudonym of "jazz," that is the leaven which makes palatable music for the masses. They may pick up and make hackneyed a light operatic or concert classic like the Humoreske or the Sextet from Lucia, but it is to Tin Pan Alley's output that they turn for their regular meal. So with no intention of being drawn into any discussion of the merits of JAZZ, I nevertheless claim that it is an essential part of the picture organist's equipment, and that it is well for him to be on the alert always to spy out places where it can legitimately and appropriately be introduced. And in the weeklies, such subjects as baby shows, bathing girls, charitable entertainments, fashion revues and similar frothy material, furnish more often than not opportunities in which popular music may suitably be employed.

And now that we have decided (I hope) what to play, how are we going to play it? Two organists can sit down and play the same score to a weekly, and one will make of it a cameo-like, incisive bit of icing, and the other will turn it out as corned beef hash. And the explanation will be in the alertness and preparedness with which they watch the screen. I have discussed this procedure fairly exhaustively at various times in the April, 1924, August, 1924 (under sub-heading, "The Perfect Cue Sheet"), and Oct.-Nov., 1924 (under sub-heading, "The Psychology of the Audience") issues of Melody, and have not yet weakened in my conviction that the method outlined therein is the only proper one. I have never been in a first-class house where the music was not broken sharply by the orchestra *when*, and not *after* the title for the succeeding subject appeared, and if twenty to seventy-five men can do it, certainly one lone organist should.

EDITORIAL AFTERTHOUGHTS

NATIONAL Music Week for 1925 runs from May 3 to 9. Here is something that deserves the fullest support from all of us. Is your town to have a part in this national movement? If it isn't, get in touch with the National Music Week Committee at 45 W. 45th Street, New York City. They will give you all the aid and cooperation necessary. Then see that your town takes advantage of the expert assistance offered by this committee. If your town plans to be represented, help all you can to make the week of May 3-9 the biggest and most significant on the 1925 calendar. See that your friends help as much as you do. It's none too early to begin thinking about this movement now, and its importance to all angles of our musical and national life is great enough so that the most we can do to see that it's a success is none too much!

DURING favorable weather, Tremont Street, Boston is blessed (?) with a variety of street-singers and musicians who serenade lustily from trucks and carts. Recently at one of these street concerts, a distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman was visibly affected during the rendition of *My Old Kentucky Home*. His face twitched, tears came to his eyes and he was evidently hard put to it to control his emotions. The lady who collected tribute had a sharp eye for prospective contributors who might be extra generous and she made no mistake in approaching this gentleman, for his contribution was a generous one. As he dropped his coin, a particularly strong spasm of emotion seemed to convulse him. "Are you from Kentucky, sir?" she inquired sympathetically. "No, ma'am," he replied in choked accents, "*I'm a musician.*"

When it seems that "our stuff" is getting over in great shape, let's not be too sure about it. Maybe our reader, our audience, or our hearer "is a musician." Along the same line — we once saw a motto in the dressing-room of a well-known vaudeville theatre, and it has helped us on more than one occasion to "tune in" with the majority when our first impression was that they should "tune in" with us. Here it is: "Don't think your "stuff" is over the heads of the audience; maybe they're trying to duck it."

WE ordinarily think of bicycles as being out of date and snuff as being a relic of 1850. Yet in 1924 more bicycles were built and sold, and more snuff was made and "sniffed" than in any previous year. Likewise 1924 saw the completion and sale of more pianos than any other year in history. There's no apparent connection between any of these items, only they do show that generally business is as much better as Chambers of Commerce would have us believe, and that the radio is not supplanting non-mechanical instruments of music.

Piano manufacturers who admit an unprosperous business in 1924 can't be getting their share. Instead of blaming the banjo, saxophone, radio, or the election, possibly their merchandising is at fault — assuming that their pianos are good. Maybe they don't advertise enough!

ON A recent concert trip, Vincent Lopez broke the record for door receipts. One concert had 6,000 paid admissions at $5 each, making the door receipts for that particular concert a mere $30,000. It was a benefit performance, however, and most of this neat little stipend went to charity, so Lopez and his band of musical jazzers haven't retired to a life of ease and plenty. Even then, if their share had been paid in the new silver dollars that are being issued now, they'd have had a few hundred pounds of extra excess baggage to take to their next engagement.

WE ARE having a national music memory contest via radio! The Brunswick Company, which is sponsoring the contest, broadcasts on each Tuesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard time, a program of standard musical numbers from various stations in all parts of the country. Great symphonic works, significant songs, worthwhile instrumental solos and ensemble numbers constitute these programs. Numbers are not being announced or programmed; that is left to those of the public who listen in. And to make for zest in this endeavor, $5,000 will be distributed monthly in prizes to those naming the numbers used. The contest started February 3rd, and will continue until further notice.

IT'S a fine thing to be able on short notice to "do your stuff" and do it well. Whether conditions are with you or against you, whether you feel like it or not, whether you expected the summons or didn't expect it, if you can jump in "cold" as it were, and give a good account of yourself in whatever you're supposed to do best, it may mean a lot to you. We heard recently of an Armenian immigrant who was forbidden to land in this country because his country's quota for that month was exhausted. He claimed this restriction did not apply to him, as he was an artist and not a laborer. "Got anything to prove it?" asked the immigration officer. "Sure," he, replied and producing an instrument of some sort, he blew, picked or bowed out a tune that let him by. We don't know whether he played a ukulele, a saxophone or a *rehab* (if you know what that is); nor whether he played *Have a Little Fun, Let Me In*, or the Grand Entry March from *Tannhauser*. But anyhow he was able to "do his stuff," do it well, and on short notice. So for a time he's privileged to dodge 12,000,000 automobiles, pay an income tax and otherwise do as he pleases as long as he doesn't interfere with the privileges of somebody else. Be ready to "do your stuff" and do it well when your chance offers itself!

THE PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION OF BOSTON is offering $100.00 for the best part song for mixed voices with piano accompaniment.

Mrs. Wm. Arms Fisher, President of the People's Choral Union, and John P. Marshall, chairman of adjudicators, announce that the contest is open to all American citizens, native or naturalized. Manuscripts must be identified by an assumed name or identification mark, and the composer's name and address with stamps for the return of manuscript placed in a sealed envelope on the outside of which is the mark that identifies the number submitted.

Manuscripts will be judged by musicians of high standing, and to receive consideration must be sent to Prof. John P. Marshall, care of Boston University, Boston, Mass., previous to this May 1st. The music and text should be optimistic and sprightly in character, and the number must be reasonably simple in construction and not take more than ten minutes in its performance.

The winning composition becomes the property of the Peoples' Choral Union and will be presented at the first public concert possible.

WE hear that the most popular songs of 1924 in England have been American productions. "What'll I Do," "Marcheta" and (we'll give you *one* guess) "We Have No Bananas," are the three that head the list in the order named. Talk about "hands across the sea" — here we have ears that listen right through the sea!

There used to be a certain amount of reciprocity in this exchange. "Poor John," "Waitin' At The Church," "Roamin' In The Gloamin,'" "She's Ma Daisy," occur to us as English popular songs that have enjoyed considerable popularity in this country. We don't know of any lately, however, that have made much of a dent in the American cosmos! We can't even think of any that have tried to. In the concert of nations, it's quite all right for the members to take turns; their "solos" will last longer and go farther. 1925 may reverse the balance sheet!

WE'LL suppose that an organist plays a staccato note *very staccato*. Just for the sake of the argument, where would you consider the note to be *when he played it?* It seems easy, but we're not so sure. You may say it's in the organ, but it isn't; it was in the organ *before* he played it. Somebody else says it's in the air, but wrong again! It's not in the air until *after* he plays it. So where was it?

It's a pretty difficult question and deserves some thought. We may have to call on the Question and Answer Department for a solution, and even then, we may find out that the organist was ill that day and didn't play it, and so will know no more than we do now.

A BILL authorizing the New England Conservatory of Music, located in Boston, to confer two additional degrees in music is now before the Legislature. The degrees provided for in the bill are "Bachelor of Music" and "Bachelor of School Music." The committee on education has reported favorably on the bill.

To Arthur Cleveland Morse

Dementia Americana

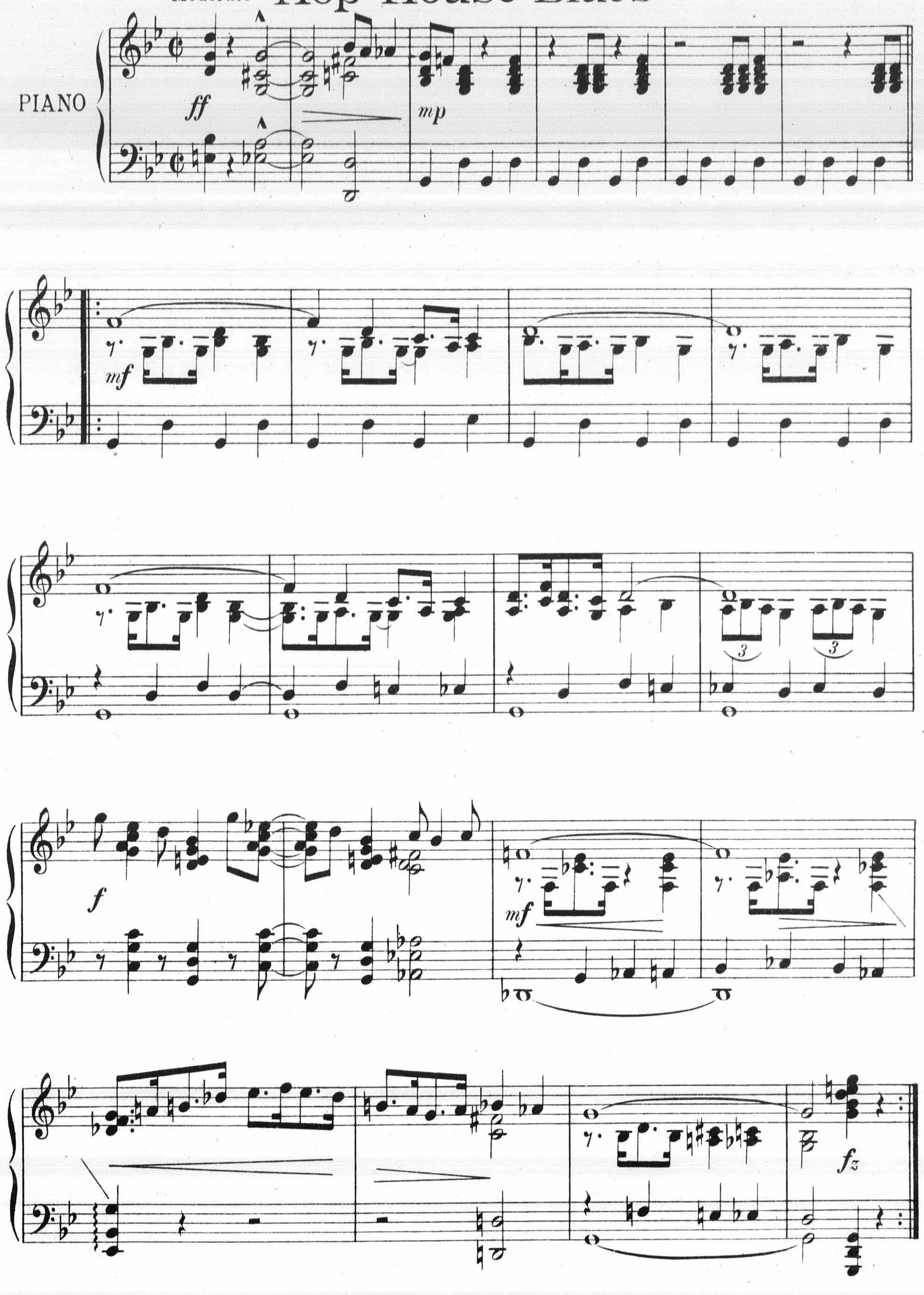
No 2

A Super-Syncopated Suite

Hop House Blues

Moderato

GEORGE L. COBB



ff

mf-f

cresc.

f-ff

mf-f

cresc.

f-ff

mf-f

cresc.

ff-fff

mp-mf

mf-f

cresc.

f-ff

mf-f

cresc.

f-ff

mp-mf

Continued on page 23

Little Italy

Allegretto Moderato

GOMER BATH

PIANO

f

mf

f

L.H.

mf

f

ff

p-f
R.H.

L.H.

R.H.

L.H.

Continued on page 21

Three Sketches from Old Mexico

No2 In the Floating Gardens

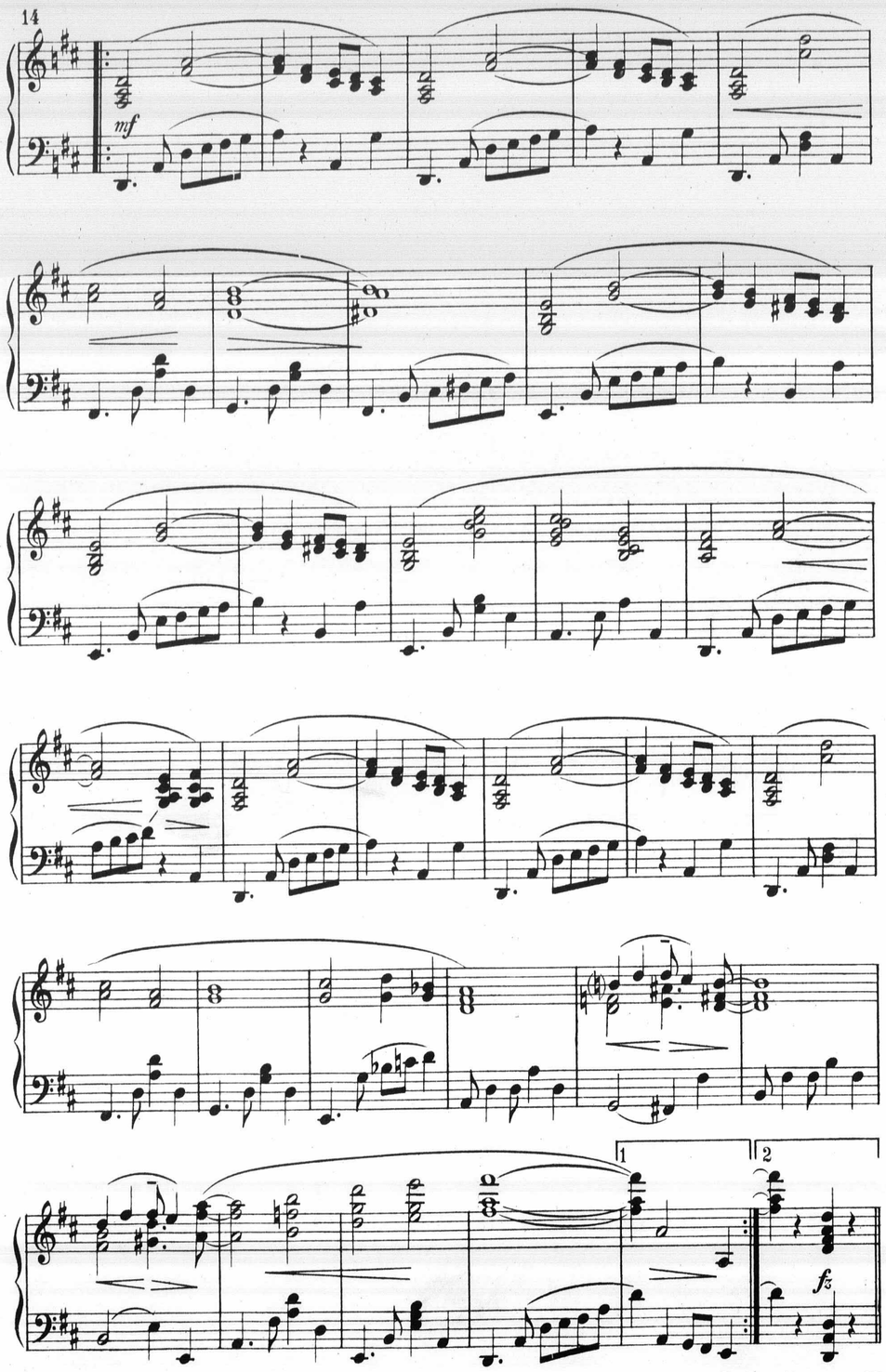
CADY C. KENNEY

Moderato

p

p

Printed in U.S.A.



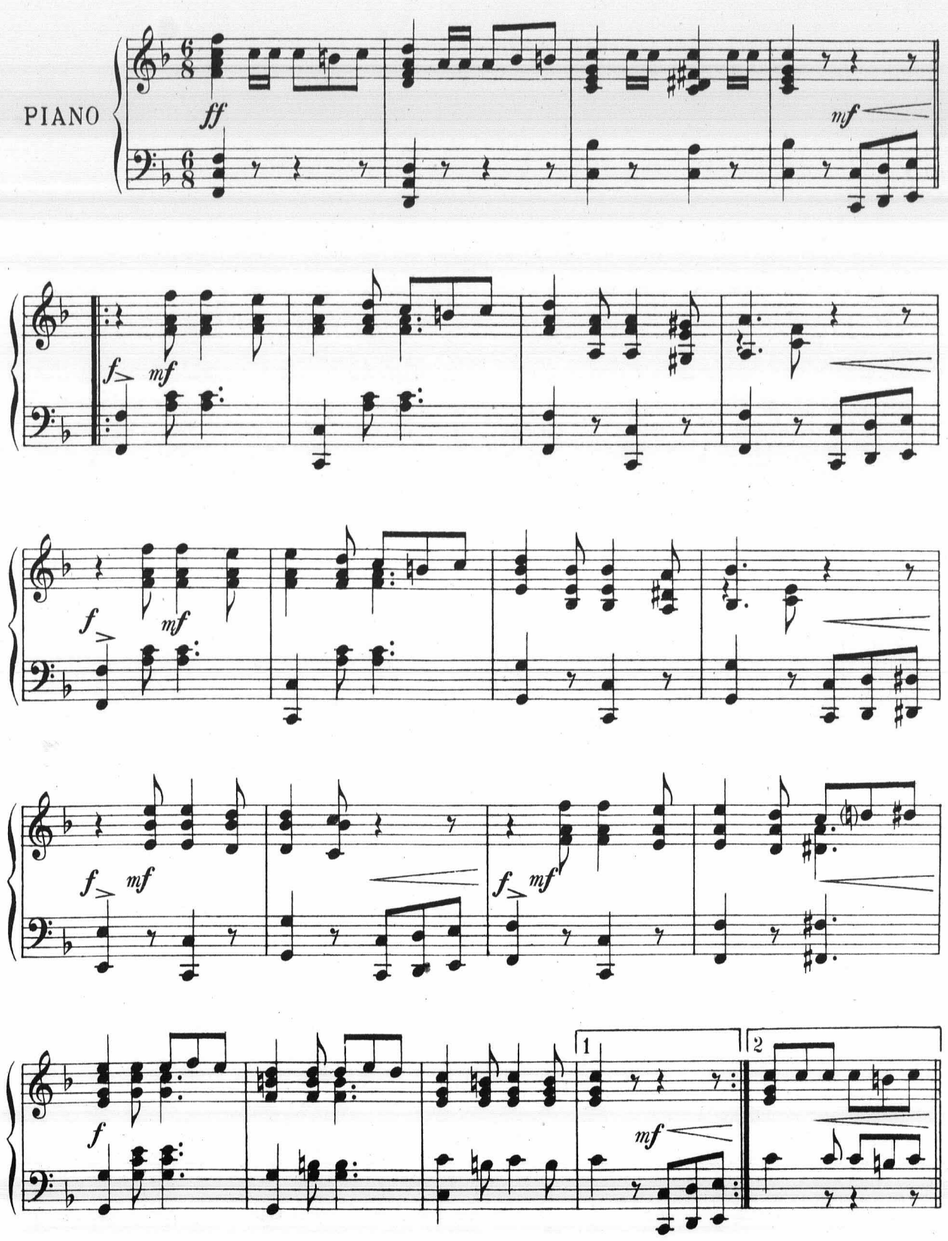
Continued on page 19

The Line-Up

MARCH

FRANK R. BERTRAM

PIANO



ff

f

ff

1 2

f

mf

8

2d time *f*

f-ff

MELODY

mf-f

ffz

f

ff

ffz

f

ff

f

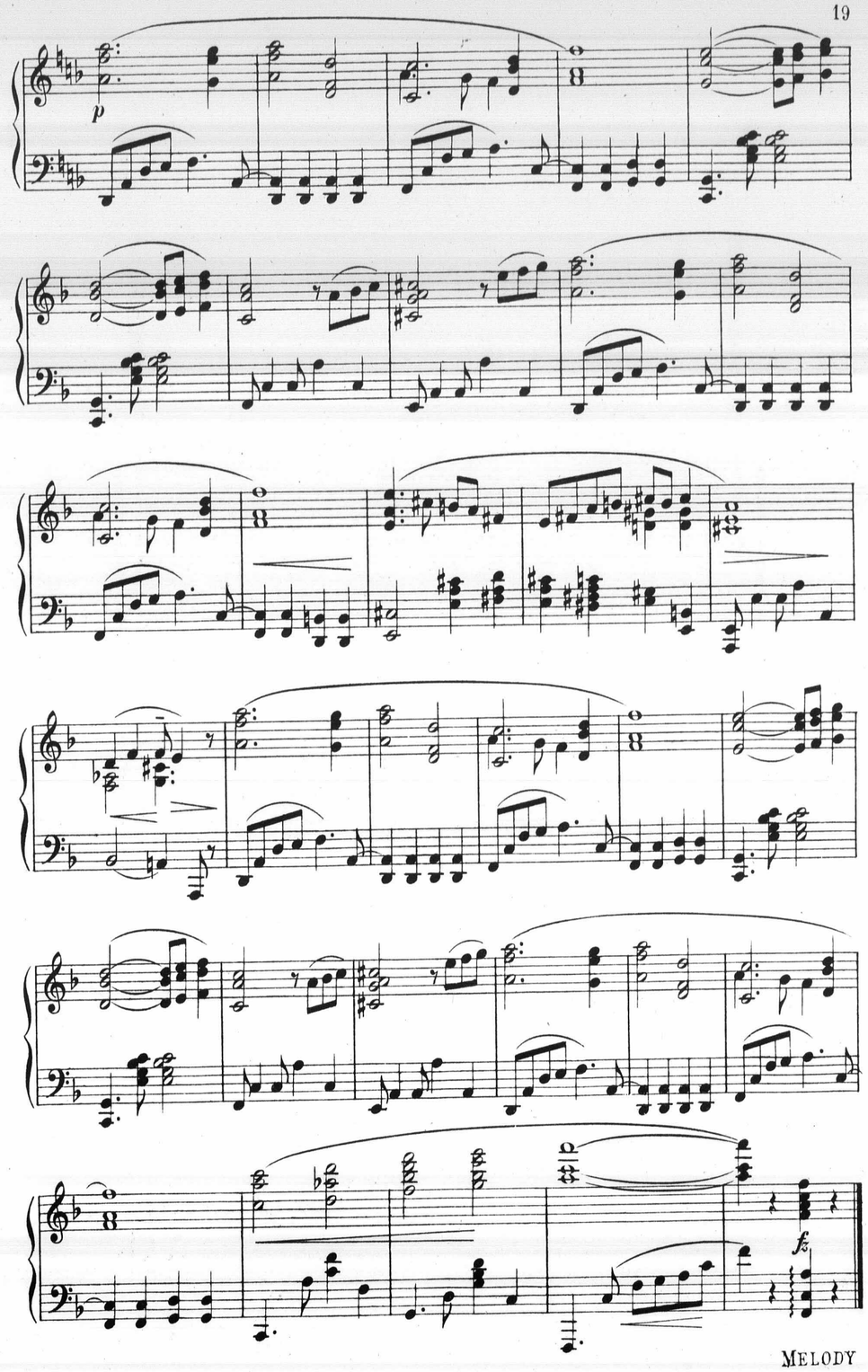
8

ff

f

8

D.S.al 𝄐
MELODY



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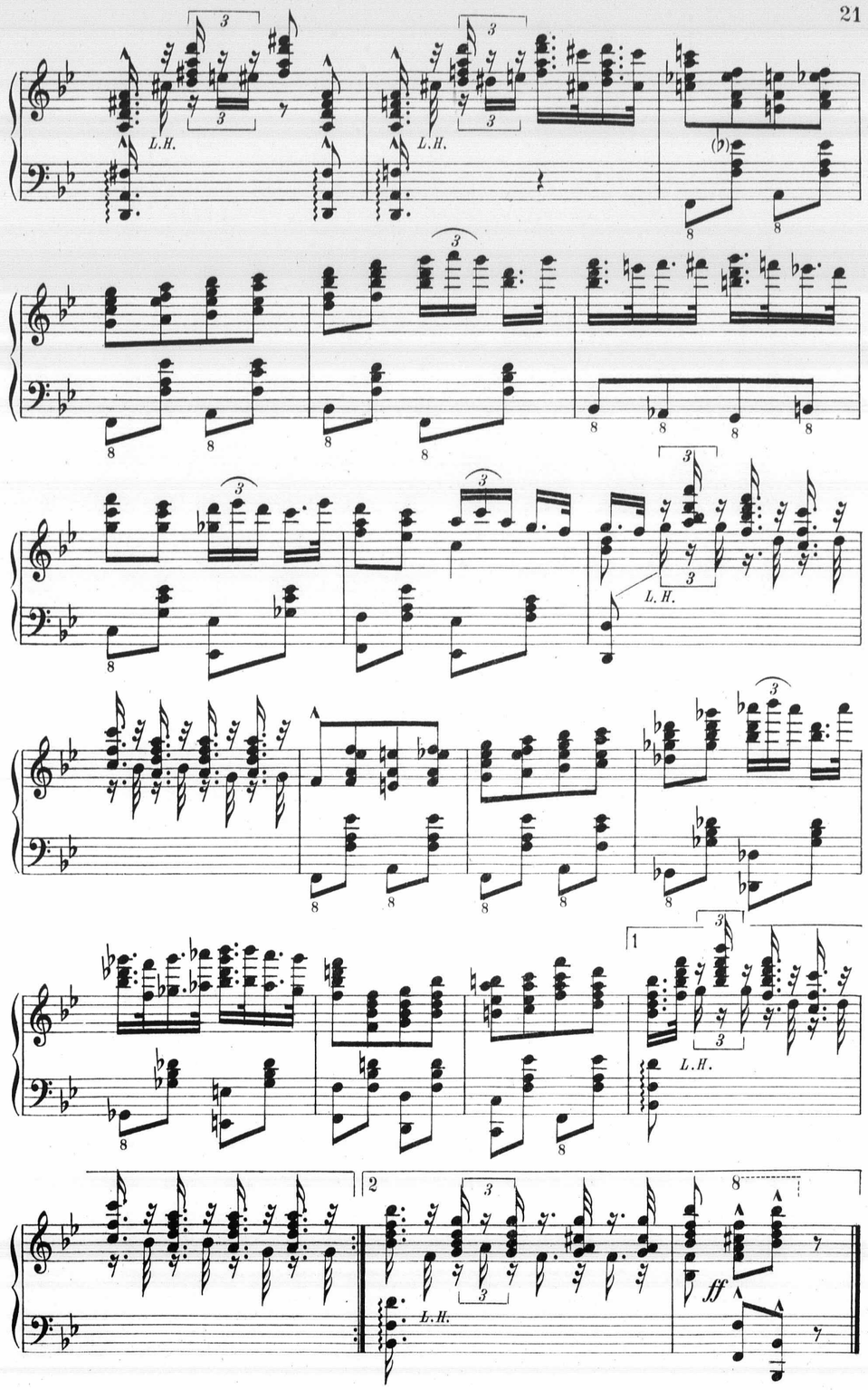

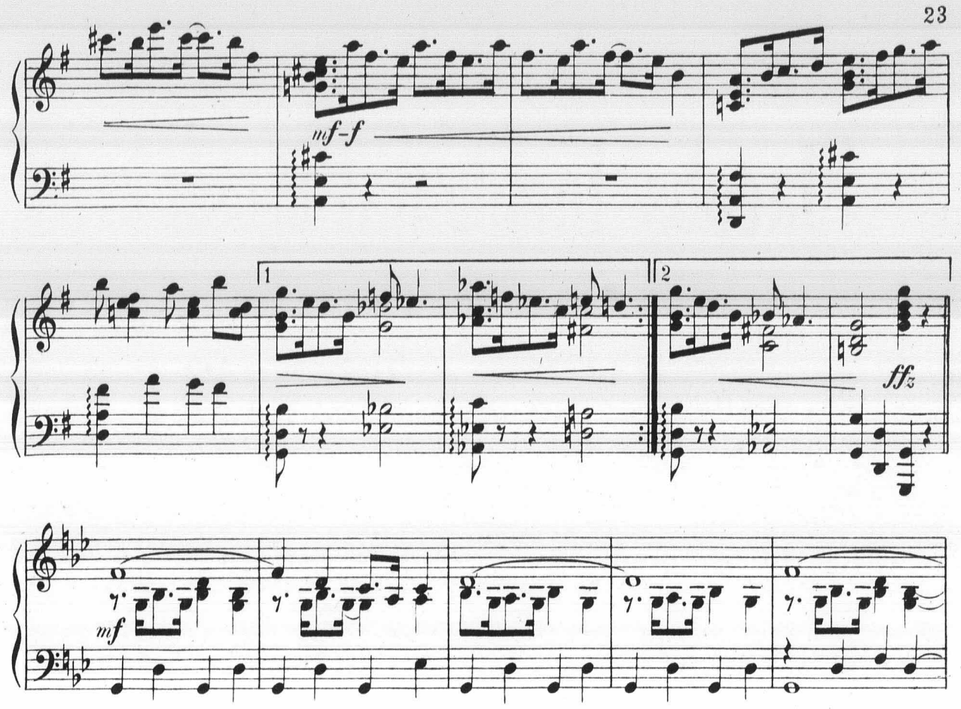

The Elevator Shaft

DINNY TIMMINS SAYS:

THIS here Radio Bug has certainly bit more people than I ever would thought it would, and the worst of it is there don't seem to be no Let Up to the Epidermic. I wouldn't have one of the Dum Things in the house, but the other night Me and the Missis stepped out for a little Soshebility, and we run into a Pare of Full Blown Radio Nuts. Jest as soon as we come in the Door we heerd this Voice saying : "And that, dear little boys and girls, will teach you to always be kind to Dumb Animals, will it not?" One of the Kids was squalling on the Floor, and I says, "What's the matter with him?" and Bill says, "Oh, he's been listening to a Bed-time Story;" which only goes to show what a Splendid Inflooence the Radio is for the Wee Little Ones.

Well, after the kids was deprived of the Uplifting Inflooence of the Radio and tucked into bed Bill says, "Now we'll have a concert," and he turned a few Jiggers and pretty soon we heard a lot of funny chords from an Orchestry and a couple Wop singers hollering their fool heads off, and Bill's Missis says, "Oh, turn that off and give us some real music. That's some more of that Junk Opera from the Chi-cago Opera Co. I can go into Woolworth's and hear better stuff than that at the Music Counter." So Bill turned the Jiggers again and pretty soon we was listening to a Guy playing "Silver Threads Among the Gold" on a Musical Saw, which only goes to show what a Good Inflooence the Radio is for Old as well as Young.

After he got through, a Jazz Orchestry played a Peace and a Voice says it was "Tea for Two" and then Bill says, "Let's see what's on the Air tonight" and he turned the Jiggers and got another place and another Jazz Orchestry was just getting thru a Peace and we listened and a Voice says, "You have just listened to the Glorious Sunbeam Orchestry play "Tea for Two." Then Bill turned to another place and we could just hear a Whiskey Tenor singing a Peace, but it got louder just as he finished and a Voice says, "Mr. Took has just sung 'Tea for Two' for you", which only goes to show what a Broadening Inflooence the Radio is for High and Low alike. At least, it ought to be a good influence on the tea business.

So then we had a few drinks of Home Brew, and jest as I was beginning to think the danger was over Bill says, "Well, let's see what we can get now," so he turned the Jiggers again and we heard some pretty good music and the Voice says, "This is the Gillette Safety Razor Co.," and by that time we was all feeling pretty good and Bill says, "Aw, they always sing sharp," and I says, "Maybe they got an edge on," so Bill pulled the chair out from under me and when I come to, he was fiddling with the Jiggers again but all he got was a bunch of squeals and grunts and I says, "That must be the Armour Packing Co.," and that's all I knew for some time.

When I come to again he had some more music and when they finished, a non-skid kind of a Voice says, "You have just heard the Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra play "Too Tired!" We couldn't hear what the Voice said next but it sounded like "Miss Ina Tube will next sing for you The Lost Chord!" and I got a laugh by saying so. The wife got real witty proving the home brew has some merit, and she said she knew it was a Goodrich Silver Cord Tire Orchestra because she heard the drum go Rubber-dub-dub and we decided we'd had enough for one night, so we said good night and staggered out the door. Which only goes to show what a Refining Inflooence the Radio is for Everyone in this Great Land of ours.

AND then look at the free advertising everybody's getting out of the Radio. Every Singer and Instroomentelist that ever took two lessons can go and give a Concert of an hour or more to thousands of people over the Radio for the first two minutes, and get their pitchers in the paper and have the paper say how they are Famous Concert Artists who have been induced to give this concert. And even the people who ain't even that gifted can write in and say they would like to have such and such a peace played and the Voice will then announce their Name to the Great Indivisible Public and say the Peace is to be played to He or She as the case may be. Now ain't that a Privilege? I'll say it is. And then all the composers that never been able to get their Peaces published can go play them on the Radio to the Great Unseen Audience and then everybody will Go By it or give it the Go By, accordion to whether they have got any brains or not.

WELL, last month I wrote a lot of stuff about Koussewiskey and a feller wrote in to Mr. Jacobs and says tell him to lay off that stuff because Koussewisky is a great conductor and I didn't say he wasn't but anyway I got a new Bird to write about today and that's this feller Strawinsky that Koussewisky give a concert about. Strawinsky's the guy that showed Shernberg and Ornstein, which sounds like the name of a tailoring Co. but ain't, where to get off by writing Peaces which sounded like somebody pulled the counter out from under Kresge's hardware Dept.

Well, a feller give me a ticket to this concert so I went to hear it, but I couldn't say as it was so wild. Quite a lot of it was real Handsome, but they was one part where Strawinsky come out and played the piano part in his new Peace which the Censors ought to get after. The program said that Strawinsky claimed that it was in style of the old masters, but if them notes I heard was Old Fashioned why I can go to Los Angeleez and double for Rudolph Valentino any day. They didn't dast to use the whole Orchestry on it, so they was only some of the blow instruments strung acrost the stage looking like Going to Jerusalem, but after they got to chasing them notes around awhile they looked more like Going to Matteawan.

Koussewiskey, who ain't got much natcherel color, got as red as a Bullshevik flag. He'd shake his stick at some player and the feller would jest look at him helpless like, and then while Koussewiskey was stamping his foot and getting his mad up, some other loud instruments would take him off his guard and suddenly go Blah Blah with some sour notes when he couldn't protect hisself. I don't think Strawinsky is so much of a Piano Player anyway. Seemed to me like he was playing in the wrong key most of the time.

But I guess the two of them must have had a good time at that, because after they got through they did a regular Shimmy all over the stage, shaking each other's hands and having a regular old Get Together. Honest, I thought they was going to kiss each other. I took a look at the Orchestry and they was jest sitting there huddled in their chairs, all Blown out, looking like the Harvard crew after the Yale race. Every time Strawinsky would finish part of his Peace the audience would burst into

a Hearty Laff, but I guess he must be used to that, because he would jump up and look as tickled as Doug. Fairbanks. Gosh, I never see a feller with so much Pep. I bet he'd make a great Rotary Club president.

WELL, speaking serious, I think this Ultry Modern stuff is all Hokum. A Feller spends a lot of time trying to be so dog-gone Futuristical that he can shock everybody, and all he gets for his Pains is that in ten or twenty years the Critiks are all saying, "Oh yes, that Moss-backed Has-Been! And to think that he used to be considered Ultry-Modern." It's jest like some writer like Jools Vern or H. G. Wells writing a Make Believe story about the Future. It makes exciting reading when it's wrote, but when the Future really does come along, why what actually happens makes the story somebody wrote about it look like a Rooshian Rooble trying to look like a Saw Buck. My Motto is, Be Yourself and Let Tomorrow Hatch Its Own Gargoyles.

NO, MA'AM, the elevator ain't Running. I am at present Engaged in Litery-Pursoots!

Speaking of Photoplay Organists

THE BUSIEST ORGANIST : : *By* GEORGE ALLAIRE FISHER

IT ISN'T the disciple of Garibaldi down on the corner, with the wide smile, the diminutive monkey, and the free-arm technic good for sixteen hours a day of circular organ music. He's busy all right, but still busier is our friend Lloyd G. del Castillo; he seems to us about the busiest of the busy. When I consider the many things he does and the excellence with which he does them, I wonder how he finds time for all of them.

Del Castillo is well known to MELODY readers, his series of articles under the general title of *The Photoplay Organist and Pianist* having been a most valuable feature since the issue of March 1924, almost a year ago. Readers can tell from this series that del Castillo knows a lot about the organ, its mechanism, its artistry, its history, its technic and its possibilities. I can tell you confidentially that whatever or however much you may think he knows, it's not enough, for his information on those "organ angles" is as complete as any one man is apt to have.

I do propose to tell you some things about del Castillo, however, that you're not apt to find out otherwise. For instance, maybe you'd like to know how old he is. Well — I can't tell you exactly, but if it will help any, I can say that I don't think he's old at all. He doesn't look it, as you can see from the MELODY artist's impression of him gathered during one of his less busy moments, so it seems safe to assume he isn't old. On the other hand he was for two years conductor of the Pierian Sodality, a Harvard musical organization of considerable fame (yes, he's a Harvard graduate), and he has a picture of the organization taken about 1888. So you can't tell after all; he may be older than he looks. This 1888 picture has its members hidden behind an assortment of Burnsides, Imperials, pre-Charlie Chaplins, etc., that makes it impossible to tell if del Castillo is among them or not.

As to the "busy-ness" — here's a sample day. Arises more or less early, depending on when the night before terminated. Snatches a bite, maybe two bites, of breakfast, during which is read the accumulation of correspondence of the previous day from fans of various sorts — MELODY readers, photoplay organists and pianists, movie patrons with a musical leaning, radio enthusiasts, etc. Gets the Packard started and is off for the first lesson appointment. Spends a half-hour looking for a place to park the Packard. Teaches until time for a late lunch. Returns to play the matinee program at the Fenway Theatre. Plays more or less steadily until the theatre is closed at night, with a hasty dinner whenever it's convenient, and during intermissions answers correspondence, or writes interestingly and helpfully for MELODY. Broadcasts an organ concert, telling bed-time stories on the organ to the great delight of many thousand radio fans. Gives several minutes of deep thought to remembering where he parked the Packard; locates it. Back home with another day wrapped up and put away.

Then as opportunity offers, he renews acquaintance with a most charming family which belongs to him (or he to it, depending on the weather), and tunes in his radio set to listen to what some of the other broadcasters are serving.

Del Castillo really has an excellent background of musical experience, training, and education, or he couldn't do all he does. and do it so well. His theoretical training has been thorough and comprehensive, and it's been supplemented by a great deal of the practical experience which is so necessary to the intelligent functioning of the theoretical. His mother is an excellent organist, and has also been very active in NewEngland's most constructive music circles, having served as state president of the Federated Music Clubs. Del Castillo probably started to play the organ when he was so young he had to wear stilts to reach the pedals, and with the maternal influence and example he had, combined with his natural musical gifts and extensive training, he was bound to be successful.

"HERE" says our artist, "is a picture of the said Lloyd G. del Castillo the way he would look if he were as good-looking as I have made him look," and about the only thing we could answer was "Oh look!" And forthwith we made a cut, so all of our subscribers could also have a look, with an extra look in the upper right-hand inset, the latter being the reproduction of an actual photograph taken at the console in the Fenway Theatre.

No, Mr. del Castillo is not wearing ear muffs; the climate in the vicinity of the Fenway is far from chilly, especially with the lithesome Lloyd at the console. As any radio fan knows, the contraption we refer to is a head-receiver set which it is del Castillo's custom to don when he broadcasts his organ programs, so he can listen to his own music after it has travelled to Hackensack and back; at least we assume that he uses the outfit to listen to his own program, although there would be nothing to prevent him cutting in on a lecture on Einstein's Theory of Relativity or some other similarly absorbing subject. (Understand, we are not actually making this an accusation, but nevertheless we do sometimes wonder about the source of those profound and ponderous hunks of English vocabulary that occasionally adorn Castillo's conversation.)

Del Castillo's study has been decidedly more thorough than that of another organist we've heard about — one of the circular-technic variety we referred to in our first sentence. This sunny-minded scion of the country of Caesar had a great fondness for the *Intermezzo* from Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana;* he played it continuously, but to the benefit of no one except the manufacturers of the rolls his grind-organ consumed. He at one time inadvertently serenaded the hotel in which Mascagni himself was staying, but the effect was too much for the *maestro.* He rushed violently forth, snatched the organ from the surprised minstrel and with many a fierce admonition of "slower here," "accelerando here," "this part fortissimo," "this very softly," played the record through, and thrusting the organ back upon his gaping country-man disappeared. When he returned a few hours later, the organist was still on duty, the *Intermezzo* was still being offered as the *piece de resistance,* but across the front of the organ was hung a large placard with boldly irregular letters proclaiming thereon, "Pupil of Mascagni."

Del Castillo won't say much about the excellent training and many advantages he's had; he shows it plainly enough in what he does and the way he does it, but the details have to be dragged out "accidental like" in the course of several conversations. I learned in this way only, for instance, that he was a band director in the A. E. F. during the war, and saw considerable service in France in that capacity.

I know he must be prosperous, not only because people who deserve prosperity and are equipped to handle it usually are, nor yet because of the aforesaid Packard. I have better evidence than that. I spied him the other day with a fleck of egg-yolk on an otherwise irreproachable vest. I know of no stronger evidence of prosperity. It may seem a somewhat vulgar display of wealth, like a gold-plated bumper or hand-embroidered tires on a Rolls-Royce, but it's my firm conviction he was unaware of this visible evidence of wealth being displayed on the del Castillo front.

I think his pet peeve is against the fellow who pronounces his name wrong — that is del Castillo's name, not the fellow's. It isn't Cast-il-low, nor Cas-til-low, with *a* as in at, *i* as in inn, and *o* as in go. It's Cas-til-yo with *a* as in ah, *i* as in machine; and *yo* as in yodel. Just like the Spanish grandees who donated it to the family some time ago used to pronounce it. Anyhow, it's my intention to call him Lloyd or Del or something comfortable like that, after I see him a few more times, so as to be on the safe side.

NOTE: This is the second of Mr. Fisher's articles about leading photoplay organists. Another will appear in an early issue.
—EDITOR.

The Brickyard

HERE'S a brick for your brickyard. It's not a very big one and it's not very fancy, but it's a hard, well-baked one, and I'm hoping I can heave it straight enough to wake somebody up — several somebodies, in fact. I patronize several small theatres where it is apparently necessary to run some of the pictures without music. That is, the resources of the theatre don't permit the management to use two shifts of organists. The organist on duty begins to play at a certain time and quits promptly at some other time, no matter if it's just previous to the climax of the feature picture. The effect is to flatten out the picture at a place where it is least satisfactory to the audience to do so. Isn't there some way to avoid this? J. S., *Syracuse, N. Y.*

It seems that J. S. has baked us a very good brick. We've noticed this effect in medium-sized and smaller theatres ourselves, and always with dissatisfaction. Where it's possible for the management to have only one organist to furnish all the music, it is, of course, impossible for that one organist to play continuously during all the time the pictures are shown. But the organist could plan his work so that it began and ended with the natural divisions in the theatre picture program. He could play all of the feature picture and an overture; then rest during the news-reel and comedies. Or he could play an overture and the news and comedies; then rest during the feature, although the first would be better. It might change the length and time of the rest periods each week, but it would average up well over a period of weeks.

WHILE you fellows are inviting brickbats from movie fans for the benefit (?) of the theatre organist or pianist, why don't you give said organist or pianist a chance to heave a few bricks at some of the audiences he has — or at least at some individuals in those audiences? Some of them do more to spoil the movie music in a few minutes than a good organist can do to help it in a week. Or why don't you invite a few bouquets for his (the organist's) benefit? He needs them more than he does bricks, and he gets darn few of them, let me tell you.

"ONE-OF-'EM," *Philadelphia.*

Now here's a horse of a different shade. We don't insist that the bricks be all heaved in one direction; they can be thrown north or south, east or west, or in between. Just be sure they're not half-baked bricks, that's all we ask.

So, movie organists and pianists, heat up your ovens. We can see that we may have some fun, besides finding out something that will make both theatre music and audiences better. If any of you detect a carelessly assembled or baked brick in our yard, point out the fallacies firmly but gently, and we'll try and make better bricksters out of the erring brothers or sisters.

As for the bouquets, we don't know. Some organists and pianists get more than they need; it seems so to us at least. Then others don't seem to deserve any bouquets at all, and possibly they don't get any. Possibly, just possibly, Mr. "One-of-'Em" is one of 'em. We don't say he is, but maybe he is, you understand.

When we're in Phila. we'll go to hear him play and decide for ourselves, or we might select one of our Phila. subscribers or correspondents to do the job for us.

"Gentlemen's Night," under the guidance of the Women Organ Players Club of Boston, transformed the Estey Studio on February 11th into an auditorium and ballroom. The "bring a man" slogan was popularly observed, and a "social hour" helped every one to become acquainted. A group of organ pieces by Stoughton began the program, with Miss Angie M. Faunce, F. A. G. O., at the instrument. Mr. B. M. Davison of the White-Smith Music Company followed with a talk on "Pep vs. Inertia" and Miss Edith Lang, President of the club, played two movements from the Concerto Gregoriano by Pietro Yon, Myra Pond Hemenway collaborating with the organist.

The Women Organ Players Club recently became a member of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, a significant move which will give it dignity besides attracting many outsiders. The Club idea has "caught on" among many organ players and organ lovers in the vicinity of the Hub, all of whom are beginning to appreciate the potentialities of an affiliation of this kind, which is in reality a sort of music exchange in the interests of church and theatre organs, their music and those who play them.

Gossip
Gathered by the Gadder

Facts and Fancies Garnered from the Field of Music

By MYRON V. FREESE

GOSSIP" for this month may seem to take on the color and tone of "once there was," but surely it can do none of us any harm to occasionally "rubber" backwards and look into the past as a sort of comparison of the "once was" with the "now is."

Whether it was said or sung is not stated in the incomplete records of those times, but the *first mass* in America was celebrated in the Province of Maryland at Saint Clement's Island in the Potomac River on March 25, 1634. Prior to the year 1752, before the calendar was again "reformed," March 25th was the legal New Year in England, and as we then were part and parcel of English possessions in the New World, that date of course also held good with the Colonies, so this first mass may be called a New Year's observance.

WHILE on the subject of dates, and sidestepping things musical for the minute, perhaps MELODY reader have forgotten that the coming Fourth of July (present calendar) will lack only one year of being the 150th anniversary of the birth of American independence. It also is possible that many readers of this column don't know that *January 1st* is only the 173d time that this date has appeared as New Year's Day in the modern calendar, and that if the poor old-time keeper of dates had not been "monkeyed" with in so many ways, New Year's Day of 1925 might have fallen on December 20, 1924, instead of the day we celebrate. Readers can reckon the actual date of the birth anniversary of the Father of our Country for themselves.

Mayhap, too, some our readers don't know that 1925 is the 1343d year of the Mohammedan era, the 1856th year of the destruction of Jerusalem, the 2678th year of the foundation of Rome, the 5658th year of the Jewish era, and the 7523d year of the creation of the earth according to the Grecian calendar.

To come back into our own province of music, and injecting a dash of the modern into that statistical stuff we've just set down: The score of "Dixie to Broadway," playing at the Majestic Theatre in Boston and starring Florence Mills, is by George Myers, who has written many hits. Mr. Myers never "took a lesson" in music, but has played the piano as far back as he can remember, and besides writing hits for others has made not a few hits himself in vaudeville. Some of his many numbers are "Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old 'Tucky Home," "Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia," "When You're a Long, Long Way from Home," "The Sleepy Hills of Tennessee," "Cover Me Up with the Sunshine of Virginia," "My Mother's Rosary" and many more. Mr. Myers has been in the "writing game" for fifteen years.

COMING right down-to-date, here's the latest tow-row over jazz: A prominent choir leader and music teacher in Spokane, Wash., has brought or is preparing to bring a $10,000 lawsuit against an equally prominent orchestra director in that city, because he has "jazzed up the masters." The o. d. retaliates by telling the c. l. and m. t. that he intends further invasion of the classic domain of music and will "modernize" or "rag" Verdi's opera *Aida* in the near future. There you are.

All of this is really a "tempest in a teapot." What matter if critics and others do detect Nicolai's Overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in "Marcheta," parts of Handel's immortal *Messiah* and Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* in the "Banana" musical episode, or Chopin's classic notes in "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" — why get unduly peeved over it? It hasn't in the least harmed the originals, which probably will continue to live long after the jazz counterfeits are dead.

The greatest things in literature (Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, *et al*), with high potentates, presidents, statesmen and churchmen, have all been "jazzed" — termed respectively paraphrase and caricature in those lines — but the originals still loom pre-eminently. *Hamlet* has been "modernized" ("jazz-burlesqued" if you like) many times on the stage, and Buchanan Read's famous poem, "Sheridan's Ride," was "Germanized" (in dialect). But the play is still supreme, while the burlesques have been forgotten. Let us not forget that it is the BEST which most readily lends itself to jazz, paraphrase and caricature, and all unconsciously to themselves many persons have been brought into touch with the best in music which is one reason why the jazzers should be allowed to jazz *ad libitum* without peeving the temperamental.

PAST LIVES IN THE MODERN

ON the evening of February 7th, the Unity House in Boston was the scene of a most remarkable presentation of the old living again in the modern, staged by the local members of the *Dickens Fellowship*. The specific occasion was a Dickens birthday anniversary celebration, and if by any chance the immortal part of the great novelist witnessed the affair from the invisible borders of the Elysian Fields where dwell the vanished *literati*, it certainly should have been productive of intense gratification to this former earth dweller.

To the "outsider" of the Massachusetts State Capital, the once famous Boston Museum may not mean much as a name today, but for many years it was the mecca of amusement for countless thousands of both "outsiders" and "insiders," while the old Boston Museum Stock Company was something of great theatrical conjuring. And the connection between the old theatre and this Saturday evening function? Mr. George W. Wilson, one of the old Boston Museum "graduates" who has achieved distinction with later theatre companies, especially in characters created by the great Dickens, had a part in this notable event. The affair was a facsimile reproduction in word, deed, costume and music of the famous "Boz" dinner tendered to Charles Dickens when in 1842 he visited Boston — given at Papanti's Hall, the assembly place of old Boston's elite once located opposite King's Chapel.

Although this 1842-1925 function in Unity House was separated by some distance of space and a greater difference in time from "Papanti's," not a word was supposed to be spoken at the head table that had not been uttered at the original dinner, each present speaker in so far as possible delivering the words and speeches of those past ones as reported in the newspapers of the following day. The rehabilitated hosts and their guests entered the hall and passed to the "official" table to the strains of the "President's March" (played at the first inauguration of George Washington).

The first to enter was the *Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr.*, at that time president of the Senate (impersonated by Edward F. Payne, president of the "Fellowship"). Then in the order following came: *Josiah Quincy, Sr.*, president of Harvard (impersonated by Harry H. Gay); *Thomas C. Grattan*, contemporary British consul at Boston (impersonated by H. Gratton Donnelly); *Richard Henry Dana, Jr.*, distinguished author of "Two Years Before the Mast" (impersonated by his son, R. H. Dana): *Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes*, famous poet, wit and author of "Old Ironsides"— the poem which once saved the gallant old frigate "Constitution" from destruction ordered by a phlegmatic Congress — (impersonated by Leon H. Connell); *Washington Allston*, painter and poet (impersonated by Frank W. C. Hersey); *J. Thomas Stevenson*, a prominent merchant (impersonated by Vernon V. Field); *Jonathan Chapman*, mayor of Boston (impersonated by Herbert I. Jackson); *J. M. Field*, favorite comedian of the old Tremont Theatre (impersonated by Leon E. Dadmun, the well-known baritone); *Dr. J. Bigelow*, famous physician of Boston (impersonated by George W. Wilson of the old Museum Stock Company).

The last to enter was the great English novelist himself, clad as he appears in the portrait by Maclise (impersonated by Frederick E. Packard, Jr.) The pseudo *Charles Dickens* wore a magnificent scarf of gorgeous green over a bottle-green coat. As the "guest of honor" entered, with a smiling face that was smoothly shaven (Dickens was only twenty-nine at the time of this visit), the orchestra stopped the "President's March" and swung into the strains of "God Save the Queen." At the first note Dickens stopped, and with serious face stood "at attention" during the playing. Before taking his seat at the table between the president of the Senate and Her Majesty's consul, he was introduced to those who had assembled to render him honor as the greatest living novelist — all. exactly as it had occurred eighty-three years ago.

Following the dinner, the first speaker was the Junior Quincy (Mr. Payne). After lauding the creator of "Sairy Gamp" and "Sam Weller" in an enthusiastic, witty and yet dignified discourse, the speaker proposed the toast, "Health, happiness and a hearty welcome to Charles Dickens!" This was responded to by the "guest" (Mr. Packard), who concluded with a toast to "America and England! May they never have any division but the Atlantic between them." The senior Mr. Quincy (Mr. Gay) gave the toast: "Genius in its legitimate use, uniting wit with purity; instructing the high in their duties to the low, and by improving the morals elevating the condition of man." Mayor Chapman (Mr. Jackson) concluded his remarks with the toast: "I give you as a sentiment the Honorable Samuel Pickwick and the Pickwick Club and its editor! May they never say die."

Music played an important part in this past-present affair. Selected and arranged by Miss Carrie E. Sherrill, it closely followed that of the original dinner. Mr. Connell sang verses written for the 1842 dinner by Dr. Holmes, set to the music of "Gramachree" (The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls). J. M. Field, the Tremont Theatre comedian (Mr. Dadmun) sang an old comic song to the original tune adapted from an old Irish air. The instrumental part of the music was cared for by the Athena String Band (Miss Jessie K. Ford, director) which, besides the entrance march and the English hymn, played the airs of a number of songs popular in those days. Many of these were written by Henry Russell (an English song-writer and singer contemporaneous with Dickens), one of them being Russell's setting of the novelist's own words, "The Ivy Green," in "Pickwick."

APROPOS: Henry Russell, who had toured America a short time before the visit of Dickens, was a singer of excellent voice, well handled, and an accomplished pianist. With only himself and a piano, Russell had created a furore on his tour, singing his own songs to his own accompaniment as probably no one else could have sung them, and filling halls to capacity wherever he appeared. He was a most prolific composer of songs, ranging from the simple and pathetic to the heroic, dramatic and even gruesome — all delivered in the so-called "grand manner" (intense fervor and feeling) peculiarly popular in that era, but which today would probably be called bombastic. With the exception of "The Old Sexton" (a gruesome graveyard song), none of Russell's songs are known or sung today, yet once they were the musical acme of the platform vocalist and parlor singer. Some of his songs were "The Old Arm Chair" (a mother song), "The Maniac" a song of shivers tone-recited rather than sung), "Calm is the Night," "Sparkling and Bright," "Cheer Boys, Cheer," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Main Truck" (or leap for life), "Ship on Fire" and "Man the Lifeboat."

In The Music Mart
By THE MEANDERER

Oh, 'tis great when you're meandering
Under starry, moon-lit skies,
And with *Some Girl* love philandering,
Telling tales and swapping lies;
Swapping lies, lies, lies, —
With words as well as eyes!

SOME GIRL is sure *some* title for a musical show, and this alone was responsible for making *The Meanderer's* mental flivver skid, and spill those six top lines before he could set the emergency brakes. This particular "Some Girl" is a new musical production that at its recent premiere was received most cordially by a capacity house of enthusiastic "first-nighters," and which its producer, George M. Gates, bills as a "Musical Comedy of Youth." The book is by Grace Hayward, and deals with the struggles of two orphans (a dual role) to recover their stolen bonds; the lyrics are cleverly done by George A. Kershaw, and the score by Ed. Smalle abounds in many fascinating and novel vocal numbers. Three of the sure-fire "hand-getters" at every performance are "Cross-Word Puzzle of Love," "Melody of Love" and "Oh! What a Girl."

To double in the character that gives the piece its name and be two orphans in one (now the girl and now the fellow) demands a very versatile female impersonator, and Mr. Gates made a very happy choice in selecting for the leading feminine-masculine title-role Tommy Martelle, for he is easily the "star" of the production — not only because of his aptitude in portraying the graces of the feminine half of the dual orphan, but also because of his gorgeously elaborate costumes which have won him the name of being "the best-dressed woman" in the show. Following a period in Boston, the piece will play week engagements in Worcester, Lawrence, Hartford, Portland and other New England cities.

WAITING FOR YOU, Will Rossiter's latest waltz hit, doesn't seem to be doing much tedious "waiting." Dorothy Jardon (one of the highest-salaried headliners in vaudeville) is featuring the number on her present tour, selecting it from many (as she says) "because of its beautiful rhythm and wonderful melody," and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford of the Chicago Theatre introduced it for the first time on February 2 in a novelty music-film which presented the story of the song in picture form, with the words projected on the screen while the organist played the melody. It also is being "chased" by leading orchestras as a feature instrumental number.

FLORIDA is a name which makes a mental "movie" of sandy beaches stretching under sunny reaches — a summer word that waives wintry weather. It also is the timely title of a tuneful fox-trot song and dance by Jesse Greer and Abel Green that civic and industrial music associations in the land of orange-blossoms and eternal sunshine have promised to assist materially in exploiting, although prominent orchestra leaders have expressed an opinion that the song is well able to stand on its own musical merits. Robbins-Engel, Inc., of New York City, is the publishing Ponce de Leon that discovered this floral music hit.

SOMEBODY LAUGHS WHEN SOMEBODY CRIES, which is a mean thing to do if the second somebody is wife or "best girl" of the first. But reverse the case, substitute "swears" for "cries"— then the laugh is the other way round, hits JUST A LITTLE NEARER HOME, and a fox-trot in words begins. No, *The Meanderer* isn't mixing up in a pre- or post-connubial muss. Just having a little fun. Moreover, the *dramatis personae* of the laughs-cries song is neither man nor woman, but dad and the boy — first a kid and then grown up. The Chamberlain Company, music publishers of Detroit, is guilty.

DOWN DEEP IN AN IRISHMAN'S HEART is a warm spot, if he possesses the *true* characteristics of the Celtic race, and this specific "Irishman's Heart" pulsates tunefully, loyally and warmly. It is the latest *new* ballad of *old* Erin, that is being sung by such concert artists as John McCormack, Allyn McQuade and Colin O'Moore, and was written into song-balladry by J. Kiern Brennan and Jimmy McHugh — note the racial name-coloring of singers and writers. Jack Mills, Inc., set this "Heart" song to pulsating, and the tremor is extending into practically all the recording companies. It might not be out of place at this point to add: "Erin go Bragh!"

WHAT DO WE GET FROM BOSTON? is the query put by the internationally known Frank Silvers of "Banana" song fame in the title of his latest novelty song. Well, you can get almost anything from beans to "banana oil" from Boston if you know how to go after it. You can also get this last Silvers sensation from the old Hub, if you don't want to go to New York and "bone" or buy one (most likely the latter) from the Mills firm that has the publishing cinch on this "Get" song. Anyhow, all the vaudevillians (high, low and in between) are out to learn "What Do We Get from Boston," and all without any exploiting other than the regular advertising, which also is a cinch.

DROMEDARY (a single-humped desert camel noted for speed and endurance) does not belie its name as a title for a new, recently released fox-trot that must be doing some musical "humping," when the first edition of fifteen thousand copies is completely cleaned out in less than a week after its appearance in the music mart. Which is exactly what happened. Like its desert namesake when let loose in cities, this fox-trotting "Dromedary" has created something of a sensation with the public that its publishing driver, the E. B. Marks Music Company, expects will be widespread and enduring — not only because of its melody, but also because of its steady going rhythmical movement.

COME ON NOW LINDY could mean almost anything — an invitation to take in a picture show *with* him, take down a chocolate sundae *on* him, take up with a partnership proposition *from* him, take over life's housekeeping *for* him, or take out an insurance policy favorable to him. But, although it isn't any of these kind of "takes," the song is proving to be a "taking" proposition with everybody everywhere. East (from South Bend, Ind., where it was first taken up for publication by the South Bend Publishing Co., Inc.) to the Metropolis, and then West to the Golden Gate, "Lindy" not only has "come on" but is taking on, up and over the attention of vaudeville singers orchestra players and radio-ites. She surely is an expert broom-handler that is making a music sweep everywhere.

JACK MILLS, HEAD OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, returned to New York in the last week of January from a four-weeks' trip through the Middle West. It was just one of his characteristic journeys in which he visited more than twenty-five cities during the tour. While in the "Windy City" he assisted Willie Horowitz, his Chicago manager, at the opening of the new branch offices in the Garrick Theatre Building.

IRVING MILLS, vice-president of the concern that "mills" much music, also has in prospect one of his occasional visits to the Middle West. He plans to make his first stop at the new Chicago offices and then "circulate," but it's doubtful if he finds much grist left unground by the head of the company.

THE "HOTSIE-TOTSIE BOYS," Irving Mills and Jimmy McHugh, are becoming exceedingly popular with radio fans, as indicated by their wonderful showing in the popularity contest that is being conducted weekly by a New York daily paper. In a last week's score the "H.T. Boys" finished right slap up with the leaders, which is a remarkable record when it is considered that they made their duet-debut only less than two months ago.

UKULELE BABY and I'LL BUY THE RING AND CHANGE YOUR NAME TO MINE are two numbers recently added to the current catalog of this concert, both of which seem to give an air of domesticity to the house built by Jack.

The Edward B. Marks Music Company, publishers, have just issued a new number entitled "The Kaddish" Of My Ancestry), which being based on the well-known Hebrew memorial prayer for the departed, is similar to "Eli Eli." This latter famous song, basically Jewish in origin and tradition as well as sentiment, has for some time been included in the repertoire of leading concert artists and singers of not only the Jewish faith and nationality but of other religions and races as well. Some one, in fact, made the statement that no race can put quite so much religious fervor into this particular song as the negro.

Song prophets declare that "The Kaddish" will have stronger appeal than "Eli Eli" because its principal theme, the introductory lines of the Hebrew prayer, give it greater significance, and the melody, composed by Joseph Cherniavsky, assistant conductor of the new Colony Theatre in New York, is singularly beautiful. Josef Rosenblatt, the great Jewish cantor, was so impressed with "The Kaddish" that he has made it the big feature of his program at the Academy of Music, the Colony Theatre, besides other big houses in New York and elsewhere. In the gigantic concert at the Manhattan Opera House on February 15th, one hundred cantors used this number with marvelous effect.

"The Kaddish" will shortly go on the disc, sung by Cantor Rosenblatt, both in English and Yiddish, and the piano copy, which has been published, presents this new "Eli Eli" song in artistic and high-class concert form.

University Extension Conservatory, Dept. C-38, Siegel-Myers Bldg., Chicago, Ill., the oldest and best school of its kind, offers every musician a splendid opportunity for professional and material advancement. Courses are given in teaching, public school work and on instruments. A diploma from the University means increased earnings to you and better working conditions. Write today for their free offer of four lessons without obligation on your part. It will mean a better life for you and your family.

R. B. Gilbert, who was formerly with Irving Berlin Inc., is now associated with the Gene Rodemich Music Publishing Corporation as professional manager. We congratulate both Gilbert and Rodemich, and wish them much success and much satisfaction through the present amalgamation.

JACOBS' ORCHESTRA AND THE CADENZA MONTHLY
THE PROGRESSIVE BAND ORCHESTRA JOURNAL

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Record Reactions

By A. LOUDSPEAKER

I HAD another pleasant evening with a bunch of new and almost-new record releases of the past month. I wasn't crazy about all of them, but most all had good points, and some were exceptionally good. The list below does not necessarily include all the best ones, but it is representative of the recent releases. My impression is that the various orchestras have done exceptionally well with the tunes provided — and of this credit a share goes to the arrangers. We could get along with some more distinctive compositions for the dance recorders to put on the discs. By the way, just because the records reviewed are all Brunswicks does not mean I am an exclusive Brunswick fan. I have some good friends among the orchestra boys playing in the laboratories of other companies, and next month I hope to have time to give my discriminating and scrutinizing attention to some of their work.

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS. Fox-trot (Gus Kahn-Isham Jones). Played by *Ray Miller's Orchestra*. Brunswick No. 2788-A. A record of average merit. Good to dance to; has a vocalized chorus.

WHY COULDN'T IT BE POOR LITTLE ME. Fox-trot (Gus Kahn-Isham Jones). Played by *Ray Miller's Orchestra*. Brunswick No. 2788-B. A very pleasing tune and a good dance record.

WHERE'S MY SWEETIE HIDING. Fox-trot (Malie-Finch-Britt-Little). Brunswick No. 2776-A.

FEEDING THE KITTY. Fox-trot (Bargy). Brunswick No. 2777-B, both played by *Isham-Jones Orchestra*. A pair of good average dance tunes.

COLORADO. Violin solo with orchestra (Hirsch-Dalton). Brunswick No. 2771-A.

IN A LITTLE RENDEZVOUS. Violin solo with orchestra (Lewis-Young-Snyder). Both played by *Frederick Fradkin*. Two violin solos of considerable appeal. The melodies have charm and are well played. The first one is more effective than its mate.

YOU'RE THE CERTAIN SOME ONE. Fox-trot (Schonberger-Lyman-Kahn-Neilan). Brunswick No. 2780-A.

SALLY'S GOT THE BLUES. Fox-trot (Lopez-Schonberger-Lyman). Brunswick No. 2780-B. Both played by *Abe Lyman's California Orchestra*. Both numbers are tuneful and effective dance records. The last one would do just as well without the 1923 jazz effects.

LAZY WATERS. Waltz (Kalm-Saunders). Brunswick No. 2777-A.

WHEN THE SHADOWS FALL. Waltz (Dohn). Brunswick No. 2777-B. Both played by *Castlewood Marimba Band*. Two good waltzes of the conventional dreamy type. The orchestration of the first is interesting.

OH! MABEL. Fox-trot (Kalm-Fiorito). Brunswick No. 2769-A.

BACK WHERE THE DAFFODILS GROW. Fox-trot (Donaldson) Brunswick No. 2769-B. Both played by the *Orioles*. Two good fox-trots. The first one uses a fretted instrument section to good advantage. It gives a unique effect.

NO WONDER. Fox-trot (Davis-Burke). Brunswick No. 2774-A.

THE ONLY ONE. Fox-trot (Green-Monaco-Warren). Brunswick No. 2774-B. Played by *Vic Meyers and his Orchestra*. The first one is the better of the two. The bass-horn solo has recorded well and is very effective.

I WANT TO SEE MY TENNESSEE. Fox-trot (Ager-Yellen) Brunswick No. 2779-A.

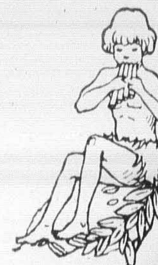
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. Fox-trot (Rose-Woods. Brunswick No. 2779-B. Both played by *Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*. A pair of good dance tunes well recorded.

DOO-WACKA-DOO. Fox-trot (Gaskill-Donalsdon-Horther). Brunswick No. 2767-B.

HONEST AND TRULY. Fox-trot (Rose-Wood). Brunswick No. 2767-A. Both played by *Isham-Jones Orchestra*. Two very tuneful and effective dance records. The first reveals some nice work by Messrs. Panico and Martin, who are probably one of the best brass teams in the business.

CHOO-CHOO. Fox-trot (Ringle-Ellington-Schafer). Brunswick No. 2775-B.

LONELY AND BLUE. Fox-trot (Cowan). Brunswick No. 2775-A. Both played by *Gene Rodemich's Orchestra*. The best of the late releases. Rodemich always records well, and his arrangements are invariably interesting. He has an excellent orchestra also. Both numbers are fine for dancing, and interesting enough to listen to with pleasure. The first one has some very clever descriptive effects. There are also some fine "wow-wow" effects, and the piano, saxophone, banjo and trombone are heard to advantage.



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IN THIS ISSUE

Rocking America's Cradle of Music

Mrs. William Arms Fisher sets forth clearly the purpose and advantages of the annual Music Week observance, and illustrates in a brief outline the accomplishments of Boston's stupendous Music Week festival in 1924

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"OWL ON THE ORGAN" (No. 3 of Geo. L. Cobb's Super-Syncopated Suite, "Dementia Americana")
"SERENADE" (The Third of Cady C. Kenney's attractive "Sketches from Old Mexico")
"WOODLAND SPRITES" (Novelette Caprice, Flath) "BASHFUL BUMPKIN" (Rube Dance, Rolfe)

OTHER FEATURES

"The Photoplay Organist," "Dinny Timmin's Column," "Speaking of Photoplay Organists," "A Philistine's History of Music," Miscellaneous News, Gossip, etc.

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